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NATIONAL HYMNS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

FOR THE USE OF THOSE

WHO ARE

"SLAVES TO NO SECT."

BY ABNER KNEELAND.

STEREOTYPE EDITION.

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No. I.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

I.—6 *l.* L. M.

Truth the best Ground of Fortitude.

1 A CONSCIOUS fortitude sustains
The heart of him who guile disdains :
Firm on a rock his faith he builds,
Which to no storm or tempest yields ;—
He builds on Truth, whence every joy
Is lasting, free from all alloy.

2 Shall servile imitation's smile,
Us of this fortitude beguile ?
And, led by custom, vision's prize,
While truth seems little in our eyes ?
It must not be, vain dreams be gone !
Oh ! give us Truth, and Truth alone.

3 'Tis Truth from error purifies ;
While vice but borrows error's guise ;
With dazzling show to lure the sight,
And make what's wrong seem what is right ;
But Truth and Virtue seek no aid,—
Both best in "NATIVE WORTH" array'd.

II.—C. M.

Sunday,

So called from the ancients who worshipped the Sun.

1 AGAIN the harbinger of light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd
The human mind in gloom !
O what a *sun* which breaks this day
From superstition's doom !

3 This day be grateful thanks express'd,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And joy on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips will join
To hail this happy morn,
'Twill scatter blessings far and wide
To nations yet unborn.

5 Reason, the friend of human kind,
Long banish'd from her throne,
Has burst the veil of gloomy night,
And claims us as her own.

6 No more let pride and angry priests
Beguile the sons of men :
Let reason guide our footsteps all,
And none shall dare condemn.

III.—L. M.

Good Resolutions.

1 Ah ! wretched minds, who still remain
Mere slaves to superstition's din !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers true peace pursue ;
Nor from these precepts e'er depart,
Which have the good of man in view.

3 O be this service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blessed employ,
And join in labours so sublime.

4 Be this the purpose of my heart,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To ever act the virtuous part,
And in the ways of truth rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from these sacred ways ;
For virtue is my heart's desire,
To fill the remnant of my days.

IV.—C. M.

Prospect of Happy Days.

1 Ah ! shall we see that glorious day,
When, throned on mercy's brow,
The truth shall rend that veil away,
Which binds the nations now ?

2 When earth no more with anxious fear
In discontent shall sigh ;
But guilt shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

3 The race of man no more shall mourn,
Bound down in error's chain,
Sweet innocence will then return,
And all be well again.

4 The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come ;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some wandering mortal home.

V.—L. M.

The Rational Sabbath.

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun :
Improve, my mind ! the social rest,
And learn for ever to be blessed.

2 This day may our devotions rise,
A willing offering, to the skies ;
May love that peace of mind bestow,
Which none, but those who feel it, know

3 This social calm within the breast,
Prepares for future days of rest,
Which for the sons of peace remains,
To ease from cares, to solace pains.

4 With joy the paths of life we view,
In varied scenes both old and new ;
With praise we think on pleasures past,
In hope we future prospects taste.

5 In cheerful duties let the day,
In cheerful pleasures pass away :
The various virtues which we praise
Prepare our minds for future days.

VI.—L. M.

Truth our Shepherd and Guardian.

1 As the good shepherd gently leads
His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the flow'ry landscape flow ;

2 So truth, the guardian of our race,
Does all my erring steps embrace :
When lost in doubt's perplexing maze,
It brings my feet to virtue's ways.

3 Tho' I should journey through the plains
Where death in all its horror reigns,
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For honest truth is with me there.

4 The aid of truth, in Providence,
Is my support and my defence :
With thee I am of all possess'd,
And in thy light am truly bless'd.

5 Of truth sincere ! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise ;
And in this house, thy sacred name
And wondrous light shall be my theme.

VII.—L. M.

Opening of Public Service.

1 At the broad portals of this house,
O may we leave all passion's fires !
Let nobler thoughts employ our vows,
In songs of praise and fond desires.

2 For pure and humble hearts alone,
With honest minds the truth to seek,
E'er find acceptance at the throne
Where innocence and virtue meet.

3 Those hapless men, whose footsteps stray
Far from the paths of sweet accord ;
O virtue ! teach the better way,
And to their feet thy light afford.

VIII.—L. M.

Personal Virtues

1 Awake, my mind ! rouse every power,
Thy native dignity display :
Let lust and passion reign no more,
No longer own their lawless sway.

2 Thy temper meek and humble be,
Content and pleas'd with every state ;
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.

3 Confine thy roving appetites ;
From baneful pleasures turn thine eyes ;
Fix them on those sublime delights,
Reserv'd for such as virtue prize.

4 With eager zeal pursue that prize ;
Each fleeting hour of life improve :
This course will speak thee truly wise,
And raise thee to the seats of love.

IX.—C. M.

Generosity.

1 Bless'd is the man whose gen'rous heart,
With kind affection glows ;
Who seeks to heighten human bliss,
And lessen human woes.

2 Whose ready hand assists the poor,
His hapless lot to bear ;
Who visits oft the mourner's door,
The lone retreat to cheer

3 Who guides the steps of giddy youth
Through mirth's deluded maze,
And warns them of the thorns unseen,
Which strew false pleasure's ways.

4 No unrelenting feelings harsh,
His tender bosom knows;
But to repentant, contrite sighs,
A mild forgiveness shows.

5 His heart in native goodness warm;
Enrich'd with pure delight,
Sees all existence smile around,
Enraptur'd at the sight.

X.—C. M.

Friendship.

1 Come, friendship! come endearing theme!
Our hearts with love inspire:
O come! and through each bosom here
Diffuse thy generous fire.

2 Come! double all the joys of life,
And lessen all its woes:
Come! heal the painful wounds of strife—
Make friends of former foes.

3 Come! soften those corroding pangs,
Which rise from inward grief;
Pour balm into the bleeding heart,
And bring thy kind relief.

4 O Friendship! spread thy influence sweet,
O'er all the humankind,
And in the bonds of cordial love
Do thou all nations bind!

XI.—S. M.

The Pleasures of Virtue.

1 Come, ye who virtue praise !
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with cheerful lays,
And make your pleasures one.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place !
For virtue never was design'd
To make our pleasure's less.

3 For virtue is a friend,
Who no just good denies ;
And tho' life's scenes with us shall end,
Yet virtue never dies.

4 Then wear an honest face,
And never, never sin ;
But from the fount of virtue's grace
Drink purest pleasures in.

5 The sons of peace around,
The sweetest pleasures know :
Ambrosial fruits, on wisdom's ground,
From honest hearts may grow.

6 Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry ;
We're travelling thro' the paths of peace,
And in those paths we'll die.

XII.—C. M.

Power of life and motion.

1 Eternal Wisdom, God of love!
We own thy sovereign power:
That power by which all nature moves,
We witness every hour.

2 We neither see nor comprehend,
In what thy power consists;
Nor how thy wisdom is display'd,
Nor what thy power resists.

3 Yet taught from infancy to age,
Thy power and name to own;
We feel that we are children still,
And thus erect thy throne.

4 To Wisdom, Mercy, Truth, and Love,
We pay the homage due;
May all the virtues more abound,
And these our hearts renew.

5 To study nature as it is,—
May this be our employ;
And, taught by her, may Truth alone
Fill every heart with joy.

XIII.—L. M.

Universal Praise.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let universal praise arise!
Be Truth alone in concert sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal is its glorious cause,
Fix'd and eternal are its laws :
Its praise shall sound from shore to shore,
While seas remain, or billows roar.

3 Yet man alone has ever sought,
The hidden truths in nature fraught ;
And man alone can duly praise
The glory which the truth displays.

XIV.—L. M.

Fortitude, Fidelity, and Prudence.

1 Give lovely Truth the homage due,
And what is right with zeal pursue :
Seek honest men,—let such be dear ;—
Let self-conceit in nought appear.

2 Give all opinions due regard ;
Thine own with modest firmness guard :
Let nought but full conviction sway.
But follow where it leads the way.

3 Nor rashly promise, nor evade
Through meanness, promises when made
Let still thy words with sweetness fall ;
In looks, at least, be kind to all.

4 In air be disengag'd and free,
Yet ne'er too low familiar be :
Let not mere hearsay judgment guide,
Nor passion prompt thee to decide.

5 The great, if good, treat with respect,
If worthless, manifest regret :—
Contention shun ; to friendship's call
Unfold thy heart ; be just to all.

XV.—L. M.

For Sunday morning.

1 GROUNDED in love, may we this day
Rouse all our heart's collected powers ;
May we the works of Truth display,
And thus devote these leisure hours.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly :
Within our hearts appear no more :
Let Wisdom's penetrating eye
Our every secret thought explore.

3 The words of peace display'd this day,
Invites us to a social feast ;
May every ear the call obey ;—
Be every heart a willing guest.

4 Thy gracious aid, O Joy ! impart ;
To animate our minds to hear :
Engage the ear and warm the heart,
The truth to love, and error fear.

XVI.—C. M.

The Universe invoked.

1 HAIL Universe ! capacious good !
To thee our songs we raise :
Nature, in all her various scenes,
Invites a song of praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 See ! glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine :
The silent grove, the cooling shade
Proclaim a power sublime.

5 Great Universe ! still may these scenes
Our leisure hours engage ;
Still may our cheerful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page !

6 And while in all these wondrous works,
Thy varied good we see ;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O Truth ! to thee.

XVII.—L. M.

The riches of Wisdom.

1 Hail, Wisdom ! who can set a price
On thine enriching merchandize ?
Thy laws to silver we prefer,—
E'en gold with thee, can ne'er compare.

2 Thy hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, health, and solid peace :
Would all mankind be rul'd by thee,
Soon all mankind would brothers be.

3 To purest joys she all invites,
Serene, uncloying, sure delights,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

4 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;
Thrice happy, who the prize retains :
He owns and shall for ever own,
Wisdom and happiness are one.

XVIII.—C. M.

Wisdom and Benevolence.

1 Happy the man whose cautious steps
Still keeps the golden mien ;
Whose life, to wisdom's rules confirm'd,
Preserves a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself too highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part ;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Spontaneous from his heart.

3 Not in low scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast ;
With grief he sees his neighbor's faults,
And thinks, and hopes the best.

4 To sect or party, his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd ;
He loves the good of every name,
'Mong all the humankind.

XIX.—7's M.

Wisdom the best Comforter.

1 Hark ! attend, 'tis Wisdom's voice ;
Come and make my paths your choice,
Ye, in quest of bliss who roam,
Giddy wand'rer ! hither come

2 Ye, who houseless, lone, forlorn,
Long have borne proud folly's scorn,
Long have trod her barren waste,
Weary pilgrim ! hither haste.

3 Ye, by fiercer passions torn,
Who sad disappointments mourn,
Feel the pangs of bleak despair,
Here repose your heavy care.

4 Hither come ! for here is found
Balm that eases every wound,
Peace that comforts every heart—
Peace can solid bliss impart.

XX.—8, 8, 6, M.

Contentment.

1 How dear we hold this mortal state !
Yet still accuse blind chance or fate,
As disappointments rise :
Pleasure we call our own to-day,
Yet as the instant glides away,
Some favourite pleasure dies.

2 Thus, then we seek, with fruitless toil,
On earth a stranger to her soil ;—
One bliss alone we find ;
'Tis this howe'er our joys are sought,
Each moment with delight is fraught,
To a contented mind.

XXI.—8, 8, 6, M.

Natural and Moral Beauties.

1 How soft the gentle showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring !
And soft the vernal gale ;
How sweet the warbling notes that rise
In grateful chorus to the skies,
And gladden every vale !

2 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground ;
And groves and gardens blooming round,
Unnumber'd charms unfold ;
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
Which robe the clouds in gold :

3 But fairer far the honest breast,
In robes of moral goodness dress'd,
Where virtue builds her cell ;
And sweeter far the feeling mind,
To soft humanity inclin'd,
Where th' Graces love to dwell.

XXII.—C. M.

Importance of Reason.

1 How vain is all the charms of sense !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure has its poison too ;
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things that please the eye,
Give oft a flattering light ;
We may suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 The heart-endearing ties of love,
How strong they strike the sense,
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

4 Our noblest powers, by nature left
In rude, disordered state;
Each passion aiming at command,
And striving to be great;

5 Till monarch Reason seize the reins,
Dispose, and order all,
And make each sally of the mind
Obey his sovereign call.

XXIII.—8, 8, 6, M.

Inward Happiness.

1 If solid happiness we prize,
Within ourselves the blessing lies,—
They err who roam abroad;
Who idly follow each vain show;
From hearts improv'd our peace must flow;
From hearts inclin'd to good.

2 The joys from outward sources brought
Are oft, alas! too dearly bought,
Too soon, alas! they cloy;
While those which centre in the soul,
Nor time nor change can e'er control,
Nor fortune can destroy.

3 With this companion in the breast,
That man must feel supremely bless'd
When all around is fair;

And e'en should troubles sore annoy,
They ne'er his inward peace destroy,
Nor drive him to despair.

4 May we true peace of mind retain
Whatever else we lose or gain,
Be this our refuge sure ;
To guide us through life's varied scenes
Prolong its joys, relieve its pains,
And lesser evils cure.

XXIV.—S. M.

Gentleness, Forgiveness, and Generosity.

1 In gentleness reprove ;
In truth alone command ;
Prevent the helpless orphan's cry,
And be the widow's friend.

2 When anger seeks to rise,
Restrain th' impetuous flame ;
Ne'er let thy tongue at random rove
To blast an absent name.

3 For ever scorn deceit ;
Think well before you speak ;
Whate'er a friend in kindness gives,
Respect for friendship's sake.

4 Forgive where goodness bids,
For equal pleasure flows
To him who pard'ning mercy finds,
And him who mercy shows.

5 If forc'd thyself to name,
Thyself nor blame, nor praise;
Mean envy banish, and thy mind
To gen'rous greatness raise.

XXV.—C. M.

The Coming of moral Light.

1 Joy to the world! the light is come:
The only lawful king:
Let every heart prepare it room,
And moral nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! now Reason reigns;
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let superstition grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
This light will make its blessing flow,
To earth's remotest bound.

4 O then, display its truth and peace,
And make the nations prove
The glories of its tenderness,
And wonders of its love!

XXVI.—H. M.

Justice the Support of Morality

1 JUSTICE! eternal source
Of every moral law;
With what impelling force,
What reverential awe,
Thy stern awards subdue the soul,
And all opposing powers control!

2 At thy austere rebuke,
Impure desires subside ;
Thy keen inquiring look
No falsehood dare abide ;
Thou draw'st the line we must not cross,
Another's portion to engross.

3 Without thy soverein sway
Improvement were in vain ;
Man left to *force* a prey,
Chaos would come again ;
And right and wrong in ruin hurl'd,
Sweep art and order from the world.

XXVII.—C. M.

Self-Control.

1 KNOW this, O man ! and thou hast learned
The art to live throughout,
" That prudent, cautious, Self-Control
Is understanding's root."

2 Whate'er bids passions rise and fall
Within the human soul,
By Wisdom's sure unerring rule,
Belongs to Self-Control.

3 She guides us through temptation's wiles,
Which leads us on to sin ;
And bids us shun false pleasure's smiles,
When danger lurks within.

4 When foes provoke, she checks the swell
That rages in our hearts,
And to her vot'ries, for defence,
This sage advice imparts.

5 "To some good end let anger tend,
"To save, but not destroy;
"To dash the cup of wrath from life,
"But spare the cup of joy.

6 "No stormy passions, wild and strong,
"Shall then distract the soul,
"But all the elements of mind
"Be under Self-Control.

XXVIII.—C. M.

For the Kind and Humane.

1 Let every tongue the goodness speak,
Of virtue kind to all;
Whose strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or want assails the breast,
Then Virtue smooths th' invaders frown,
And gives the mourner rest.

3 Virtue supports our tottering days,
And guides our blooming youth;
Honest and just are all its ways,
And all its words are truth.

4 It knows the pain that sufferers feel,
It hears when children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
It is for ever nigh.

5 Its goodness never will remove
From men of heart sincere,—
From those whose honest, fervent love
Is far removed from fear.

XXIX.—C. M.

Charity.

1 Let such as feel oppression's load,
Thy tender pity share ;
And let the helpless, hopeless poor
Be thy peculiar care.

2 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thine abundance bless'd ;
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

3 Let him who pines with piercing cold,
By thee be warmed and clad ;
Be thine the blissful task, to make
The downcast mourner glad.

4 Then pleasant as the morning light,
In peace shall pass thy days :
And heart-approving, conscious joy
Illuminate thy ways.

XXX.—L. M.

Exhortation.

Let such as make the truth their choice,
Attend to nature's simple voice ;
Nor let their minds attempt to rove
Beyond the objects of their love.

2 Here all is plain—the truth we see
In Nature's pure simplicity :
O let us never more complain
That Nature's works are sought in vain

XXXI.—7's. M.

The Perfections and Goodness of the Universe.

1 Let us in a joyful mood
Praise the universal good ;
For such goodness will endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound this name abroad,
For of gods the Truth is God ;
Who in wisdom did dilate
Heaven's expanse, and all its state :

3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main ;
While the sun's commanding might
Fills the smaller world's with light.

4 See ! the golden tressed sun,
All the day his course doth run ;
And the moon doth shine by night,
Mid her spangled sisters bright.

5 All her children nature feeds,
Her full hand supplies their needs :
Let us therefore warble forth
This high majesty and worth.

6 Universal Being ! hail !
Truth eternal must prevail ;
And thy goodness will endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

XXXII.—10's. M.

1 Long have the nations slept: hark to the sound!
The sleep is ended, and the world awakes:
Man riseth in his strength, and looks around,
While on his sight the dawn of reason breaks.

2 Lo! Knowledge draws the curtain from his mind;
Quells fancy's visions, and his spirit tames,
Deep in his breast that law to seek and find,
Which kings would write in blood, and priests in flames.

3 Shout, Earth! the creature man, till now the foe
Of thee, and all who tread thy parent breast,
Henceforth shall learn himself and thee to know,
And in that knowledge shall be wise and blest.

XXXIII.—L. M.

The reign of Superstition subdued by the light of Reason and Truth.

1 Long, long hath Superstition reign'd,
And all the world in bondage held!
Long hath the mind thus been enchain'd,
And few can yet their fetters yield!

2 To break these chains let us arise,
And show our minds from bondage free;
No more believe such sordid lies,
As may inthral our liberty.

3 Say to intolerance, be gone!
No more enslave the minds of youth;
We need the light of facts alone,
To guide us in the paths of truth

4 See how it beams from yonder sun !
On every herb, and plant, and tree ;
Those beams, in brilliant nature shone,
Reflect each object, rich and free.

5 Then let us all improve this light,
Explore the range of human thought ;
Above, around, within our sight,
Be all the hidden pleasures sought.

6 Nor let the treasures of the mind
Be unexplor'd nor unimprov'd ;
For here the richest gifts we find
More worthy still of being lov'd.

XXXIV.—L. M.

The Beauty and Magnificence of Nature.

1 Oh, sons of men ! throw round your eyes
Upon the earth, the seas, and skies !
Say doth not all to every sense,
Show beauty and magnificence ?

2 See hill and vale with verdure spread !
Behold the mountain lift his head,
In nature, strength, and power sublime,
Unscath'd by storm, untouch'd by time !

3 And see the flower which gems the sward !
List to the pipe of evening bird—
The streams, the winds, the balmy breeze
Making soft music with the trees.

4 And see the glories of the night,
The deep blue vault with stars of light,
The silver clouds, the odorous air—
All soft, and still, and sweet, and fair .

5 And oh ! that hour of matin prime,
The cool, the fresh, the joyous time,
When Sol, as if refreshed by sleep,
Springs blazing from the kindled deep.

6 Then mark how nature with delight
Exults and kindles at the sight ;
Earth, ocean, air—above, around,
All full of life, and stir, and sound !

7 Yes ! all unto the outward sense
Shows beauty and magnificence ;
All fair—unless that world we scan,
That *moral* world, as made by man.

PART II.

1 To all earth's blessings deaf and blind,
Lost to himself and to his kind,
With mad presumption, lo ! man tries
To pierce the ether of the skies.

2 His fancy wing'd to world's unknown,
He scorns the treasures of his own :
By fears of hell and hopes of heaven,
His noble mind to madness driven !

3 Oh ! first of all the tribes of earth,
Wake to a knowledge of thy worth ;
Then mark the ills of human life,
And heal its woes, and quench its strife.

4 Victim and tyrant thou, oh man !
Thy world, thyself, thy fellows scan,
Nor forward cast an anxious eye,
Who knows to live, shall know to die

XXXV.—L. M.

Pleasures of Life.

1 Pleasant is life, and sweet the light
That pours from yon bright orb of day,
Revealing to our raptured sight,
The universe in rich array.

2 Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,
The touching charities of man;
Friend, brother, child, and parent rise,
Endearing life's progressive plan.

3 Pleasant is life, and sweet its way,
When under Reason's kind control;
Then moral evils die away,—
Then moral pleasures fill the soul.

XXXVI.—8 & 7's. M.

Universal Praise.

1 Praise to thee, all-bounteous Nature!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my heart! with every creature,
Join the universal song:

2 For the social ties of friendship,
For the charms of mutual love;
For the endearing smiles of kindred,
Which in peaceful order move:

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future days,
Sound this name thro' earth and heaven;
Sound aloud all Nature's praise.

XXXVII.—C. M.

Praise of Virtue.

1 Sing to unbounded Virtue's name,
And in her strength rejoice ;
When man's improvement is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 Repeat her praise with love profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock her with a cheerful sound
Upon a lying tongue.

3 How noble all her graces are !
How wide her power extends !
On her beneficence and care
Man's happiness depends.

4 Come, and with cheerful hearts adore ;
Come, listen to her voice ;
Be ever creatures of her power,
And in her smiles rejoice.

XXXVIII.—8, 8, 6 M.

Science.

1 Science ! thou fair effusive ray,
From the great source of mental day,
Free, gen'rous and refin'd ;
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewildered thought,
And bless my lab'ring mind.

2 But first, with thy resistless light,
Disperse those phantoms from my sight
Those mimic shades of thee :
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
The visionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philosophy.

3 Oh ! let thy powerful charm impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy sway ;
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where reason points the way.

PART II.

1 Say from what simple springs began
The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
That range beyond control ;
Which seek eternity to trace,
Drive through th' infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole ?

2 The last, best effort of thy skill,
To form the life and rule the will,
Propitious power impart ;
Teach me to cool my passions fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

3 Raise me above the vulgar breath
Pursuit of fortune, dread of death,
And all in life that's mean ;
Still true to reason be my plan,
And let my actions speak the man,
Through every varying scene.

XXXIX.—C. M

Death certain.

1 Time, like an overflowing stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They die, forgotten, as a dream
Before the opening day

2 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carri'd downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

3 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

4 Our time rolls on, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

5 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
That leads to death's abode ;
And fierce diseases wait around
To urge us on the road.

XL.—S. M.

Blessings of Knowledge.

1 The reign of Knowledge hail !
The ever-glorious reign,
See ! Ignorance before her flee,
And all her darksome train.

2 See ! Penance hide her head,
Asham'd to be severe ;
See ! sweet Complaisance in her stead,
Each drooping spirit cheer.

3 A melancholy gloom
Did Nature's charms enclose :
The veil is thrown aside, and she
In native beauty glows.

4 Then hail the glorious reign,
When moral ills shall cease,
And men enjoy, from pole to pole,
True friendship, love, and peace.

XLI.—8, 8, 6 M.

Love.

1 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborn,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

2 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.

3 'Tis love alone inspires the mind
With feelings tender, sweet, and kind,
Which constitutes our bliss;
For discontent bids comfort rise;
The soul with genial warmth supplies,
And nothing feels amiss.

XLII.—C. M.

The Excellency of Truth.

1 Were once this maxim deeply fix'd,
That Truth is not a Fiend,—
That she alone to right can lead;
For pleasure is her end,

2 How soon would reason, justice, peace,
O'er all the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and war, and woe,
And superstition fail ?

3 No more applause on pride would wait,
Nor mad ambition stain
With patriot blood, a foreign shore,
An empty name to gain.

4 Our own and others' good alone
Would then each hour employ,
And all the sons of men would smile
With universal joy.

XLIII.—C. M.

Honor guided by Reason.

1 What is honor ?—it is a sound,—
A charm which lures the brave
O'er raging seas, and tainted shores,
To an untimely grave :—

2 A breath, which swells the hero's heart,
To urge him to his doom ;—
He seeks the form in smarting wounds,
Oft finds it in the tomb.

3 Still honor is a precious plant,
When under Reason's care,
Which beautifies the mental soil,
With fruit both rich and fair.

4 And if improved, becomes the source
Of what is truly great ;
With gen'rous thoughts expands the soul,
And dignifies our state.

5 By solemn, though unwritten laws,
It moves the noble mind;
Bids every thought exalted rise,
Bids every promise bind.

6 Wherever native worth is found,
It forms it into grace;
And e'en where native worth's unknown,
It sometimes fills its place.

XLIV.—L. M.

Persecution and Intolerance, absurd.

1 What mortal can presume to know
The spring whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge the secret source within,
Where others' errors first begin?

2 Absurd and vain attempt to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering by destructive flame!

3 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to truth alone!

4 Unspotted wisdom's law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as herself, her doctrine wields
No arms but those persuasion yields.

5 By proofs adduced from Nature's laws,
The enlightened mind along she draws;
And converts to her cause acquires
By eloquence, which truth inspires.

XLV.—C. M.

The Seasons.

1 When snows descend and robe the field,
In Winter's bright array ;
Touched by the sun the lustre fades,
And weeps itself away.

2 When Spring appearing, violets blow,
And shed a rich perfume ;
How soon the fragrance breaths its last !
How short-lived is the bloom !

3 See, in the morn, the summer rose
In blushing beauty rise ;
But scarce we taste the balmy gift,
When, lo ! the pleasure dies.

4 With gilding fire a falling star
Illumes the autumnal night ;
How soon its fleeting beauties fade,
How soon eclipsed the light.

5 Such are the charms that flush the cheek,
And sparkle in the eye ;
So, sickness from the fairest form
Makes transient graces fly.

6 To this the seasons as they roll,
Their attestation bring :
How frail we are : their every round,
Confirms the truth we sing.

XLVI.—S. M.

Prospect of Universal Peace.

1 When shall the time arrive,
When war and woe shall cease?
And all mankind an anthem raise
To universal peace.

2 Behold, the time draws nigh;
See! Reason lights the way;
Darkness and storms before her fly,
And Winter smiles like May.

3 The glorious era hail,
When men, enlightened, free,
And just, no more as foes shall meet,
But friends and brothers be!

4 Plenty, from land to land,
Shall waft her rich supplies;
Knowledge o'er all her blessings shed,
And a new world arise.

XLVII.—L. M.

Time.

1 When warm impetuous passions rise,
And fame or pleasure lures our eyes,
Or, bent on Virtue's path sublime,
We chide the feathered foot of Time;—

2 In vain we war with Nature's force;
Time's rapid car pursues its course;
Nor wisdom's, nor ambition's power,
Can stop the swiftly moving hour.

3 The gay, the great, the good, the just,
Alike are journeying to the dust ;
Then haste, the race of duty run,
Nor blame the quick revolving sun.

4 Days, months, and years! your rounds fulfil;
Witness our good intentions still ;
Nor let one vagrant day pass by,
Unblessed by Reason's victory.

XLVIII.—C. M.

Contentment.

1 Why should we ever seek to know,
What never can be known ?
Why should we present joys forego,
In hope of joys to come ?

2 See ! Nature spreads her ample board
To all, through every clime !
And man she constitutes her lord,
With riches most sublime.

3 How much by Art he can improve,
What silent Nature shows !
How many scenes inspire to love,
As he more happy grows !

4 How knowledge, with the soul enlarg'd,
Inspires to virtuous deeds ;
Unless the mind has been surcharg'd
With error's noxious weeds !

5 Then let us all improve the time,
And still more happy grow ;
To learn the ways of truth sublime,
And all her secrets know

XLIX.—S. M.

Wisdom.

1 Wisdom, the just and kind,
Will those who err instruct;
And in the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

2 The humble mind she guides;
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth she shows to all
Who her in truth obey.

3 Give us the tender heart,
That mingles fear with love;
And lead us through whatever paths
Thy goodness shall approve.

4 O ever keep our minds
From error, shame, and guilt!
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

L.—L. M.

Life in its various forms.

1 Ye sons of men! look round and view;
See life in all its various forms;
And mark the path which Nature drew
For man, for beast, fish, fowl, and worms!

2 Say, can ye claim peculiar care,
O'er all the tribes of mortal race?
Shall not all beings have a share
In Nature, Providence, and Grace?

No II.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

LI.—8, 10 M.—Tune—"*Black eyed Susan.*"

Faith and Reason.

1 And is religion all a dream ?
O shall I never taste the boon ?
Or shall those regions ne'er be seen,
And must my sun go down at noon ?
Tell me, ye sons of reason, tell me true,
Is mortal life the whole ye have in view ?

2 Thus reason heard the voice of faith,
With pity heard the erring child ;
And to her heart, true wisdom saith,
In accents soft, with visage mild, [give,
" While blest with life and all that life can
" Oh ! be content, and in contentment live.

3 " *To-day* alone thou canst enjoy,
" And only *this*, receive to-day ;
" Why, then, do anxious thoughts employ
" Thy mind, and waste thy life away ?
" Eternity exists as surely now,
" As ever time can last, or when, or how ?"

4 Thus faith now heard with sweet delight,
And instantly the voice obeyed ;
Her fruitless dreams were changed to sight,
And all her fears were thus allayed.
She now enjoys each moment of her time,
And never sighs for pleasures more sublime

LII.—10's. M.

The new era of light.

1 Behold a new, a glorious era comes,
Of superstition's night, it bursts the tombs;
We hail the welcome light and laud its praise,
'Tis fraught with lasting peace and joyful days.
Behold it comes, to give true freedom birth,
Oh! who can think or speak of half its worth!

2 See! moral light, long bound in gloomy chains,
Begins to claim her rights, and peace ordains;
She takes the scales from off the visual ray,
And on the mental eye-balls pours the day.
Calls back the mind in chase of fancy's wings,
To contemplate the certainty of things.

3 Her stores she spreads, if not so rich in view
As those of fancy seemed, they're yet more true;
And what is more, they all are open, free;
She saith to all, "Oh! welcome! come and see!"
It is enough! 'tis all that nature hath:—
Who asks for more, must surely "ask in faith!"

LIII.—Air—"*Andro and his cutty gun.*"

There is no knowledge in the grave.

1 *Blithe, blithe to all around us,*
Join our hearts, in social glee;
Peace and pleasure here have found us,
Reason's sons are ever free.

An old philosopher has said,
When thinking o'er his latter end;
"No knowledge is among the dead,
"To which the living ever tend."
Blithe, blithe, &c.

2 He therefore recommended mirth,
As the best cure for all our woes ;
For what will be beyond this earth,
He freely owned that " no one knows!'
Blithe, blithe, &c.

3 " Rejoice, thou young man, in thy youth,
" Let thy heart cheer thee and be glad,
" But ever mind the ways of truth,
" And never let thy heart be sad."
Blithe, blithe, &c.

4 " Enjoy the fruit which labor gives,
" This is thy portion and thy all ;
" And he who thus by reason lives,
" Obeys when truth and nature call."
Blithe, blithe, &c.

LIV.—P. M.

Reformation.

1 Come, friends, give an ear,
And listen a while :
Good news you shall hear,
Your hearts to beguile ;
A true reformation
Is surely at hand ;
The voice of the nation
Spreads over the land.

2 The people have slept,
And priests ruled the mam ;
Humanity wept,
And reason was slain ;

Philanthropy trembled,
And honesty grieved ;
While tyrants dissembled,
And weakness believed.

3 The world shall awake,
No longer enslaved ;
Old systems shall shake,
And virtue be saved ;
To just admiration
Shall reason prevail ;
Complete education
To all shall entail

4 Then let us arise,
Attend the glad sound :
True liberty prize,
And bigotry drown ;
With loud acclamation,
The nation doth call ;
Complete education,
To each, and to all

LV.—H. M.

Close of Service.

1 Come, let us join and sing,
Each in a joyful mood ;
And make this temple ring,
In praise of all that's good.
And let our tongues true love proclaim,
And chant the honors of its fame.

2 Here in this spacious house,
Our joyful hearts have met ;

Here paid our willing vows,
And felt our union sweet :
For this our tongues true love proclaim,
And chant the honors of its fame.

3 The truth, like ointment shed,
Hath breathed a choice perfume ;
The light in darkness spread,
Our minds doth all illume :
For this our tongues true love proclaim,
And chant the honors of its fame.

4 Now may we dwell in peace,
The pilgrim's sure defence ;
And may our love increase,
Till death shall call us hence :
And e'en in death we'll love proclaim,
And chant the honors of its fame.

LVI.—Air—"*Blue Bonnets over the Border.*"

Bigotry set at defiance.

1 Come, my good friends, our joys to enhance again
Meet us again in the temple of science,
Cordially meet us in union again,
And bigotry set at defiance,
Come, on the still day, of easy compliance,
Come when the faithful shall place full reliance,
Truth be our sure defence,
Love, peace and innocence,
And bigotry set at defiance.

2 Sacred be the day to Liberty,
Wisdom must be to all a reliance ;
Columbia's sons must now all be free,
And bigotry set at defiance.
When the proud zealots shall swell in their high rants,
Faith and hypocrisy join their contrivance.

Then come, each freeman, haste,
With brave and honest breast,
And bigotry set at defiance.

3 Long, long will there phantoms and goblins be,
Reason's great truth they cannot come near it,
Love is the tie which unites and makes free,
And all men esteem and revere it.
Love makes our hearts of one kindred alliance,
Love gives all nature a yielding compliance,
Come then and let us greet,
In love and union meet,
And bigotry set at defiance.

LVII.—AIR—"*Hey tuttie tattie.*"

The birth day of freedom.

1 DAYS of error long have spread,
Baleful influence o'er the head,
Man, in mental darkness led,
Blind—he cannot see.
Superstition's rights and forms,
Zealots' fire that bigots warms,
Fury's wrath that fools alarms,
Hell and misery.

2 Priestly pomp, religion's show;
Priestly joy religion's wo:
Priestly tricks we now all know,
Had their day and power.
Wily priests now stand abash'd,
Prosing churchmen's hopes are dash'd,
Youthful zealots' prospects crash'd—
Reason makes them cower

3 Reason rears her tresses gay,
Virtue's banner leads the way;
Who resists her powerful sway,
Surely should take heed.

Wisdom takes her glorious stand,
Touch'd with reason's magic wand,
Truth goes with her hand and hand—
Truth must be obeyed.

4 Nations long in darkness drear,
Groped their way with trembling fear,
Reason's light has now made clear,
Wisdom's virtuous plan.
Touch the timbrel high and clear,
Sound the notes with merry cheer ;
Freemen's sons will e'er revere
Th' sacred "Rights of Man"

LVIII.—Air—"*Marseilles Hymn.*"

The Same.

1 Full long has man, by phantoms lured,
In mystic wand'rings groped in night,
In mental dungeons long immured,
Estranged from Reason's beaming light ;
A servile slave to falseholds rule,
To Pagan fables ill revised,
To dogmas wildly mysterized ;
To priests, a frighten'd, fawning tool—
Deluded man, alas !
For nobler ends design'd,
Has blindly crept, from age to age,
In ignorance confined.

2 Grave priests declare a lake of fire
To punish sinners when they die,
And vainly rear the sacred spire,
A heavenly beacon, to the sky ;
Have formed their dogmas—foolish creeds

And teach the infant mind to prate,
To guide their souls to heaven's gate,
Yet man persists in evil deeds—
Avaunt, ye baseless tales!
'Tis vain and foolish all;
Teach man the paths of vice to shun,
And honor virtue's call.

Part II.

3 Let exiled reason be restor'd,
Just education bear her sway;
Let nature's empire be explor'd,
And truth her volume wide display;
Let science 'luminate the mind,
Enquiry free her banner wave,
The tyrant crush, release the slave,
And virtue teach to all mankind;
Then will the joyous song
Of happiness resound,
And man shall sing to wisdom's praise,
Where love and peace are found.

4 Prophetic voices now resound—
Far, far and wide, they strike the ear;
And o'er this favor'd clime they sound,
Proclaim the Age of Reason near:
Her glorious light doth now appear,
And Superstition frightened flies,
For truth her mighty weapon plies,
And truth will triumph, nothing fear.
Then let us join in praise,
To truth and virtue's name;
To love and wisdom's purest rays,
In nature's wide domain.

LIX.—TUNE—"*Gloomy winter's now awa.*"

Spring.

1 GLOOMY winter's past away,
Soft the zephyrs gently play,
'Mong the boughs, from spray to spray,
The birds are singing cheeringly
Ships are wafting on the main,
Lambs are skipping o'er the plain,
Clear the shining after rain,
The turtle coos endearingly.
Come, with heart and voice unite,
Pure affection's boon excite,
Take the flowers of sweet delight,
Nor come to nature fearingly.

2 Pluto's imps may spend their ire,
Vulcan vomit all his fire,
Priests may censure, all for hire,
And thunder forth alarmingly.
Truth maintains its solid ground,
Scatters light and knowledge round,
Bigots few will soon be found,
As reason moves disarmingly.
Trees will bud, and birds will sing,
Flow'rs will bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they all will bring,
As nature whispers charmingly.

LX.—L. M.

There is nothing like contentment.

1 GO SEARCH the fields of nature through,
Observe her various works and ways,
Learn all the ancients ever knew,
And seek for growing wealth or praise :

2 Put on the crowns that monarchs wear,
High wave their sceptres in your hand,
And make your humble vassals stare,
And send your edicts through the land :

3 Command the bosom of the sea,
To waft your vessels to and fro ;
Of wealth and grandeur hold the key,
And bid your armies come and go :

4 Of all these acquisitions, say,
Can one or all procure you breath ?
Or can they lengthen out your day,
Or stay the cruel hand of death ?

5 The peaceful mind who knowledge gains,
Whose daily wants are just supplied ;
Who lives by labor, toil and pains,
And craves no gems to feed his pride ;

6 Is richer far than all the wealth,
Bestowed on kings of haughty name ;
Nor would exchange his lasting health,
For all the wreaths of boasted fame.

LXI.—C. M.

Truth only is perfect.

1 Go TRAVERSE all the world around,
To distant regions roam ;
Perfection never can be found,
But in the truth alone.

2 Were we to go to days of yore,
When men obeyed their god ;

Of *Solomon*, or those before,
As ever since the flood ;

3 Where hath perfection e'er been found—
In whom did love abide—
Without the faults which, all around
Are easy to describe ?

4 *Abra'am* of old, though full of faith,
Persisting unto blood,
Beheld the ram, as scripture saith,
Which in the thicket stood ;

5 Of this he makes his sacrifice,
Instead of his own son ;
And thus his god the patriarch tries,
And proves his faithful one.

6 Is such a god to be adored,
Who orders man to kill ;
And then recalls the mandate-word,
As though he changed his will ?

7 Forbid it, Truth ! let no such thought
Disturb the human mind ;
For nature is for ever fraught,
With all that truth can find.

LXII.—AIR—"*Rule Britannia.*"

Land of Love and Liberty.

1 HAIL, great Republic of the world,
The rising empire of the west ;
Where famed Columbus, with mighty mind inspir'd,
Gave tortured Europe scenes of rest.
Be thou for ever, for ever great and free,
The Land of love and liberty.

2 Beneath thy spreading mantling vine,
Beside thy flowery groves and springs,
And on thy lofty, thy lofty mountain's brow,
May all thy sons and fair ones sing.
Be thou for ever, &c.

3 May ages, as they rise, proclaim
The glories of thy natal day,
And restless Europe from thy example learn
To live, to rule, and to obey.
Be thou for ever, &c.

4 From thee may hated discord fly,
With all her dark and dreary train,
And whilst thy mighty, thy mighty waters roll,
May heart-endearing concord reign.
Be thou for ever, &c.

5 Let laureates sing their birth-day odes,
Or how their death-like thunders hurl'd;
'Tis ours the charter, the charter ours alone,
To sing the birth-day of the world.
Be thou for ever, &c.

LXIII.—L. M.

The happy fruits of concord.

1 HAPPY the land of every clime,
Where science beams her lucid rays;
Where native truths with lustre shine,
Attuning every heart to praise.

2 Where fairest fruits of knowledge grow,
And wisdom doth her charms display ;
Where tears of sorrow cease to flow,
Or kindness wipes them all away.

3 The vernal songsters' tuneful notes,
To honest labor all invite ;
The fields and gardens yield their fruits,
The husbandman they thus requite.

4 But discord poisons human bliss,
To pleasures is a deadly foe ;
It fills the mind with deep distress,
And sinks the heart to bitter wo.

5 Then let us all in union join,
And ever seek the common weal ;
Let love and charity combine,
Each others' errors all to heal.

LXIV.—6, 4 M.

The true Messiah, alias moral light.

1 Hark ! hear the cheering sound,
Which joy imparts ;
With music all around,
Timbrel and harps ;
Oh ! listen, every one,
The true *Messiah's* come,
To bring the captive home,
To reason's shore.

2 The joy-inspiring news,
With rapture hear ;
The *Gentiles* and the *Jews*,

Both far and near ;
The light of truth appears,
Dispelling slavish fears,
And thus his temple rears,
In open day.

3 The light of reason shines—
In fervor glows—
Emancipates the mind
From bigot's woes—
From superstition's awe,
From church and priestly law,
From hell's eternal maw,
We now are free.

LXV.—6, 6, 8 M.

The blessings of union.

1 How PLEASANT 'tis to see
Brethren and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move ;
And each fulfil, his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the distant sun,
Which in his course doth run,
And sheds his rays from pole to pole ;
Or like the brilliant star,
Which shines to us from far,
And spangles heaven with shining gold.

3 'Tis like the showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
And make the corn in vallies grow ;
Or like the fount of blood,
Expands its crimson flood,
Through all the veins its currents flow.

4 'Tis like the morning dew,
A blessing ever new,
Which on the hill and dale descends :
So love spontaneous flows,
Expelling cruel foes,
From every heart of faithful friends.

LXVI.—6, 6, 8 M.

Emancipation from mental slavery

1 How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
Come, let us break our yoke to-day !
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
Our minds with knowledge fill,
And then our hearts will truth obey.

2 No more let us be told
Of acts performed of old,
Which never more are seen to rise ;
Time that is past and gone,
Can surely ne'er return,
And truth alone can make us wise.

3 What mortal tongue can tell,
Aught else in heaven or hell,
Than what we see before our eyes ?

Have e'er the streams of grace,
Unfolded either place,
Below the deep, or in the skies ?

4 Why, then, should we resign
Our faculties of mind,
And take for truth what no one knows ?
Let us the truth pursue,
And judge with reason true,
And calmly rest in her repose.

LXVII.—"*Lashed to the helm.*"

The voyage of Human Life.

1 In storms when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think of virtue's honest charms.
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My faithfulness shall prove
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think of those I love.

2 When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of home my bosom cheers
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My faithfulness shall prove ;
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think of those I love.

3 But should propitious fate be kind,
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to my home once more,
Safe to my welcome native shore ;
No more the main,
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve ;
From bondage free,
Should happy be,
Enjoying those I love.

LXVIII.—TUNE—"*The Highland March.*" "*Liberty or Death.*"

1 IN the garb of the just, with the fire of the brave,
From a gross superstition our country to save ;
From a bondage more gross than our fathers subdued,
We have come to give freedom by all that is good.
Such our love of liberty, our country and our laws,
Like our fathers in the field, we'll stand by freedom's cause,
With truth and reason on our side, there's nothing now to fear,
Maugre the men of monkish pride, we hold our country dear.

2 From the wise and the good, and with reason our guide,
We shall take good examples, in which we confide;
Whether *Socrates*, *Jesus*, or *Luther* we name,
Or our *Washington*, *Jefferson*, *Franklin*, the same.
Such our love, &c.

3 With such men and true, as true lights in our way,
Let us hold them to view, that we never may stray,
And with such admonition, we constant receive,
It will give to posterity rules how to live.
Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach all our posterity to die in freedom's cause;
With truth and reason on our side, have nothing e'er to fear,
Maugre the men of monkish pride, they'll hold their country dear.

LXIX.—6's M.

Truth and Knowledge.

1 Let truth alone prevail,
Within each human breast ;
And error take its flight,
To an eternal rest.

2 Truth cheers the wildered mind ;
It leads our steps aright ;
Keeps sorrow from our hearts,
And brings us peaceful light.

3 True knowledge is the source
Of happiness and joy :
Alone can give us peace,
And wretchedness destroy.

4 Then hail all-sacred truth !
Come, dwell in every mind ;
Ambrosial odors spread
Abroad on all mankind.

LXX.—L. P. M.

The horrors of Slavery.

1 Let us awake to freedom's cause,
And vindicate her equal laws,
As found in nature, pure, sublime ;
Nor let us cease till all are found,
From east to west, the world around,
In one harmonious union joined.

2 Oh ! how can men the right sustain,
To hold as slaves their fellow men,
And ne'er their freedom ever yield !

Was this the law that *Jesus* taught,
Was it for this our fathers fought,
And strew'd with dead th' ensanguin'd field ?

3 More guilty still are human kind,
Who hold in chains the infant mind,
And fill the brain with idle dreams.
Oh ! then discard the cruel plan,
'Tis knowledge only makes the man,
Which flows in nature's constant streams

LXXI.—AIR—"*Home, sweet home.*"

There's nothing like Truth.

1 'MID fables and fallacies, baubles of youth,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like truth :
A charm from the scene seems to hallow the mind,
Which seeks through all nature its beauties to find.
Truth, truth, simple truth,
There's nothing like truth—there's nothing like truth

2 A stranger to truth, fancies puzzle the brain,
O give me contentment with nature again ;
The sure life's enjoyments, as days to me fall,
Give these with my peace of mind dearer than all.
Truth, truth, simple truth,
There's nothing like truth—there's nothing like truth.

LXXII.—AIR—"*The galley slave.*"

The religious maniac.

1 OH! think on my fate, once I freedom enjoyed,
Was as happy as happy could be,
But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroyed,
A maniac, alas ! as you see.
I was promis'd bright heav'n, which my mind did elate,
But failed for the want of a prayer ;
When thought brings to mind my once happy estate,
I sigh and I weep in despair !

2 Hard, hard is my fate! Oh! distracted my brain!
And fiends can no pity unpart;
And 'gainst such tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart;
I disdain e'en to shrink, tho' I feel sharp their ire,
Yet my breast bleeds for bliss that's so rare,
While around me is rolling their billows of fire,
I sigh! and I weep in despair!

3 How priest-craft deceives—I had pleasures in tow,
The haven of rest was in view;
But the blest happy morn was o'erclouded with wo,
And, dear Jesus! I hurried from you.
I lost my assurance, and I fell away,
And all for the want of a prayer:
But the thought wastes my spirits, my form feels decay—
I sigh! and I die in despair!

LXXIII.—AIR—"*Sul Margine d'un Rio.*"

Prudence.

1 O HASTE not to the gilded shrine,
Where *Fortune* throws her favors round!
Let nobler views thy mind incline
To turn where brighter honors shine,
And truer wealth is found.

2 Oh seek not for the rosy bower,
Where *Pleasure* fills the sparkling bowl!
O yield not to her 'witching power,
For when she gives her richest dower
She chains the captive soul.

3 Tempt not the wild and steep ascent,
Where proud *Ambition* waves her plume,
There guilt may scowl and care torment,
Repentance raise the vain lament,
And malice seal thy doom.

4 Then what is all that mortals deem
Enchanting, lovely, bright, or dear?
Life's gayest space is fancy's dream—
Its brightest glance a fading beam,
Dissolving in a tear.

LXXIV.—10, 11 M.

A call to the nation.

1 On wings of faith, men's fancies seem to rise,
To an inheritance beyond the skies.
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What fancied pleasures in those mansions dwell.
There fancy's idol lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er an imagined hell, he reigns victorious.

2 O men of common sense! 'tis time to wake!
For freedom's happiness is all at stake.
Assert your native rights, or ye are sold
To cursed ambition's pride, the fruits of gold.
Arise! express the feelings of your nation,
Columbia's sons are free of every station.

3 No more let priestly din your sons beguile,
Nor Europe's feudal laws pollute your soil.
The people here must rule, must make the laws,
As taught in nature's school, defend their cause.
Destroy that barb'rous court, the Inquisition!
And cast to moles and bats, all superstition.

LXXV.—7, 6 M.

Exhortation.

1 Rise, my mind, expand thy wings,
Thine only portion trace:
Rise from superstitious things,
To truth, thy native place

Sun and moon and stars remain,
Time doth all his pinions move ;
Rise, my mind, thy portion claim,
With friendship's cordial love.

2 Why should mortals fret and tease,
Perplex an unknown friend ;
And the better him to please,
Their supplications send ;
When he ever is the same,
Naught can e'er his feelings move ;
And to endless years remain
Unchanging in his love ?

3 When the summer's scorching beams
Shall heed the parched field,
Or the winter's chilling winds
For thee shall grow more mild,
Then shall nature thee regard—
All thy supplications hear,
Granting thee a great reward,
For all thy slavish fear.

4 Cease, my mind, O cease thy strife !
Nor murmur at thy clime ;
Live a happy, virtuous life,
And taste the joys of time,
'Midst thy friends and kindred dwell,
Take what truth and nature send ;
Bid the world and friends farewell,
Whene'er thy life shall end.

LXXVI.—AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Patriotism.

1 SHOULD former patr'ots be forgot,
And ne'er the truth be told,
Since independence is our lot,
More precious far than gold ?
More precious far than gold, my friends,
Nor should it e'er be sold ;
Since patr'ots fought for liberty,
More precious far than gold.

2 O what is life, howe'er refin'd,
Which tyrants do uphold,
Since they enslave the human mind,
More precious far than gold !
More precious far than gold, my friends,
And let the truth be told, &c.

3 More dreadful still is holy ire,
As priests and bigots hold,
Which wraps the soul in endless fire,
More precious far than gold.
More precious far than gold, my friends,
The truth must now be told, &c.

4 Let children, then, no more be taught,
These foolish lies of old,
Which nip the germ of human thought,
More precious far than gold.
More precious far than gold, my friends,
The truth shall now be told, &c.

LXXVII.—Air—"*Hey tullie, tullie.*" "*Liberty or Death!*"

1 Sons, who have with truth been fed;
Sons, who by the truth are led,
Welcome to your dying bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front of battle low'r,
See approach proud tyrant's power,
Chains and slavery!

2 Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Who so base as be a slave?
Coward! turn and flee.
Who for reason's cause and law
Freedom's sword of truth will draw;
Freeman stand with freeman's awe,
Let him follow me.

3 By oppression's woes and pains!
By humanity in chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay all superstition low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Freemen live or die!

LXXVIII.—6 l. L. M.

A call to faithfulness.

1 Soon as the morn salutes your eyes,
And from sweet sleep, refreshed, you rise,

With grateful sense enjoy the light,
And joyful hail the glorious sight.
Those pow'rful beams, how rich they flow!
Enliven all things here below.

2 Like as the sun, let us repay
The various duties of each day;
Whate'er our hands shall find to do,
With eager zeal and love pursue;
In every station which we fill,
Be guided by the public will.

3 Whatever else we do beside,
Let virtue all our actions guide;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
With conscious rectitude approve;
Let patriot zeal be understood,
And seek our own in others' good.

LXXIX.—8, 7's. M.

Source of Life.

1 Source of life as found in nature,
Fount of all this sentient frame!
Breathed through all of every feature,
Who but thee can rightly name?
Such thy nature,*
Human beings cannot know.

2 Yet we celebrate with gladness
Life, such as we find it here;
Nor let aught be filled with sadness;—

* This line must be repeated, i. e. sung, three times for Helmsley; and twice only for Jordan.

What on earth has life to fear ?
Nature gave it,
Nature takes it home again.

3 Then we'll praise all-bounteous nature,
Praise shall sound from every tongue ;
Join my heart, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

LXXX.—7's. M.—"*Worms.*"

Perpetual motion of Nature.

1 Suns that set, and moons that wane,
See ! they rise and wax again !
Trees that winter's storms subdue,
Show their buds, their leaves renew ;
Ebb and flow is ocean's course,
Man must yield to nature's force ;
Heav'n and earth shall still remain,
Man in nature lives again.

2 Vessels but to havens steer ;
Paths denote a resting near
Rivers flow into the main ;
Ice-falls rest upon the plain :
Th' final end of all we see ;
Man thus reads his destiny ;
Cloud and doubt e'er hang between
Worlds of faith and objects seen.

3 Th' Nile, whose waves their bound'ries
Slake the torrid desert's thirst ; [burst

Dew descending on the hills,
Life in nature's veins instills ;
Showers that on the pastures fall,
Faded loveliness recall ;
Man alone sheds tears of pain !
Weeps, and ever weeps in vain !*

* Not always, perhaps, as tears unburthen the heart and relieve the mind, as well as excite the compassion of others; but, all beyond this, they are perfectly vain.

LXXXI.—H. M.

The unknown cause of life and motion.

1 The great, the unknown cause,
That moves all worlds in state,
Is found in nature's Laws,
Unchangeable as fate.
The source of life, the spring of springs,
This truth, all heaven and nature sings.

2 Where'er we turn our eyes,
Around us we behold,
Below, or in the skies,
More truth than can be told :
In nature's book, in every line,
Eternal truth and goodness shine.

3 On truth all worlds depend,
To this we bow the knee ;
But none can comprehend
The vast immensity—
Throughout all space, is every where,
Pervades the whole, though free from care

4 Then let our sorrows cease,
Be joy in every breast ;
And let us live in peace,
Until we go to rest :
Where no rude voice shall e'er be heard,
Or troubled seas our rest disturb.

LXXXII.—L. M.

Life fading and transitory.

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noonday heats
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the frosts unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's fierce, fiery ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the lovely human face,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Like spring, so sweet each sprightly grace,
And beauteous as the virgin rose.

4 But worn to waste by rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short liv'd beauties die away.

5 Since life forever will not last,
Let us improve the passing hours,
Correct the present by the past,
The future may not long be ours.

LXXXIII.—Air—"*Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*"

Social Singing.

1 There is a land of liberty,
Where oft church bells are ringing ;
But nothing fills the heart with glee
So well as social singing.
That mortal's lip no pleasure shares,
Whose fortune's ever swinging ;
Whenever I am fill'd with cares,
I drive them off with singing.

2 Thus joyfully my time I spend,
With spirits brisk and springing,
Blest with my life, my bosom friend,
My comrades and my singing.
Then haste and give a noble song,
Which other days are bringing ;
A noble song comes never wrong,
To one that's fond of singing.

LXXXIV.—H. M.

Land of Freedom.

1 The land of freedom, Hail !
Where peace and science reign ;
Where love and truth prevail,
Harmonious in their train.
Where foolish dreams no longer charm,
Nor fears of hell excite alarm.

2 Where reason takes the lead,
The mind in peace pursues ;
Examines well each deed,

The good alone will choose,
" For modes of faith let others fight ;
" His can't be wrong whose life is right."

3 Wherever sordid priests,
Their angry gods uphold ;
Their ignorant flocks they fleece,
And barter faith for gold.
Instead of truth they visions give,
And for their visions gold receive.

4 Hold ! hold ! your day is o'er !
With us the mind is free ;
We will be slaves no more,
Nor sell our liberty !
With heart and hand, we'll meet and sing,
And make our land with freedom ring.

LXXXV.—L. M.

The source of beings—what ?

1 The source of beings who can find !
Or realize an abstract mind ?
Whatever is, hath always been ;
Or how could beings e'er begin ?

2 Yet constant change is stamp'd on all,
The old, the young, the great and small ;
How many lives each day expire
To feed the life of man's desire !

3 The fruit that makes thy food to-day—
The fish, or flesh that butchers slay,
Was all alive, and lived as free,
Though now the same is life in thee.

4 What are thy parts, what is thy whole—
Thy human life, or mind or soul,
More than the life which went before,
Which lived, and died, and is no more ?

5 Then "know thyself," and know thy power,
And what supports thee every hour ;
Nor think thyself, nor less, nor more,
Than all that lived and died before.

6 Thus shalt thou make the most of life,
Free from all feuds—religious strife ;
And cheerfully thy hands employ,
In deeds of comfort, peace and joy.

LXXXVI.—6 l. 10's. M.

Moral Beauty.

1 'Tis not alone in th' orient flush of morn,
In cowslip bell, or in the blossom thorn,
In noon's high hour, or in the twilight's hush,
In shaded stream, or in the rose's blush,
Or in ought else that nature's pencil gives,
That mildly fair the angel beauty lives.

2 Oh no ! it lives, and breathes, and tranquil lies
In peaceful home, more pure than morning skies,
In th' heart of innocence it loves to dwell,
Which comes, in sighs, or with a tear, to tell
Sweet dreams that flow from nature's fount of love,
To mingle with the fancied gods above.

3 It lives in hearts where mercy's melting eye
Looks out upon the world with charity ;
Whose generous hand delights with care to heal
The wounds of grief that sorr'wing mourner's feel,
Without a wish, or hope, or even thought,
That light should shine on any deed it wrought.

4 It lives within the breast that nought inspires
But manly feelings, bold and high desires,
Where nothing can arise like selfish dream,
When visions of vain glory 'round it gleam—
Proud visions all, that show a lifted mind,
The utmost reach of all the human kind.

5 Spirit of beauty, hail! my heart is thine,
I lose thee not when faint the day beams shine;
Thy image still is in my constant gaze,
In midnight hour, or in the noontide blaze,
And none can tell except a heart unsold,
The fervent joy which all thy lovers hold.

LXXXVII.—L. M.

The immutability of Truth.

1 To SPREAD the truth, and truth alone,
May this be our unvaried aim;
Though phantom's seeds, profusely shown
Fill all the paths to truth's domain.

2 To pluck these phantoms from the mind,
And lay the naked truth to view;
Let us unite with feelings kind,
And study nature through and through.

3 The truth will ever stand the test,
Though oft assailed on every side;
And he alone is truly blest,
Who ever makes the truth his guide.

4 Chimeras' dreams we'll do away,
Nor trust to vision's idle prate;
Too long have phantoms borne the sway,
Too long has *credence* ruled the state

5 Instead of *faith* let *knowledge* stand,
As first, as last, best hope of man ;
All present good it doth command,
All future days are in its plan.

LXXXVIII.—7's. M.

Social Love.

1 When the truth shall lead us home,
When we to its temple come,
We shall all its goodness prove
Of the only source of love :
Hither all your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string .
Mortals join the stars above,
Join to praise the source of love.

2 Old and young, your voices raise,
Tune your lips in social praise,
Strike the notes upon the lyre,
All to happiness aspire.
Cease contention, discord, strife,
Lessen all the cares of life,
Virtue ne'er can disapprove
Cordial hearts of social love

PART II

3 Teach your children honest truth,
Guide the dangerous steps of youth,
True to virtue's moral rule,
Taught in nature's faithful school.
Shun old *Pluto's* foolish lies,
Shun the paths of every vice,
Thus the minds of all improve,
Thus unite in social love.

4 Hopes of heaven to those who need,
Fears of hell, the bigot's creed,
Each is nothing but a dream ;—
Seek no longer worlds unseen.
Give to each the meed that's due,
Paths of light and truth pursue ;
Never from these precepts rove,
Live and die in social love

LXXXIX.—6, 6, 4 M.

Industry.

1 UNMINGLED joys abound,
With friendship all around,
Arise and sing ;
The light and truth adore
Which give us blessings more
Than all we had before,
Such comforts bring.

2 Like as the busy bee,
In perfect liberty,
Sucks every flower ;
So we, to knowledge gain,
Should traverse all the plain,
The source of wisdom drain,
And try its power.

3 Like as the emmet-throng,
Their labors to prolong,
Unite as one ;
So men of industry,
Should cordially agree,
And live in harmony,
Beneath the sun.

4 O never be ashamed,
Such insects should be named,
To give us speed ;—
Learn wisdom of the ant,
And after knowledge pant,
Your stores will ne'er be scant,
In time of need.

XC.—C. M.

The vanity of seeking for occult qualities in Nature.

1 What *nature* is no mortal knows,
And therefore none can tell ;
The *universe*, as language flows,
Would suit the truth as well.

2 Yet *nature* in her varied forms,
Applies to local things ;
To men, to beasts, fish, fowl and worms,
As each to nature clings.

3 The *universe* produces all—
(As nature keeps her course)
Unnumbered beings, great and small,
By one projectile force.

4 Yet further should we try to go—
To search the hidden springs
From whence the streams of nature flow,
Or study occult things,

5 How vain would be the fruitless task,
The labor all, how vain !
The search can only give at last,
The labor for the pain !

6 Then let us be content to know
What obv'ously appears ;
Nor further let us strive to go,
In search of endless years.

XCI.—8. 7's. M.

Prayers to an unchangeable being wholly useless.

1 Why should terror longer seize us,
Since we are in health to-day ?
Why should men with error teaze us,
Saying that we all must pray ?

2 If my maker is unchanging,
Why should I ask him to turn ?
If, in anger, he is raging,
Will his anger cease to burn ?

3 If his goodness is unbounded,
Can I make it larger still ?
If his love is not surrounded,
Why may I not drink my fill ?

4 If his wisdom ne'er increases,
Why should I enlarge the same ?
If his justice never ceases,
How can I avoid its claim ?

5 If his knowledge is all-knowing,
What can creatures let him know ?
If his mercy is o'erflowing,
Where's the place for future wo ?

6 I'll no longer heed such notions,
While I live to draw my breath ;
And when life shall cease its motions,
Calmly I will sleep in death.

END OF NUMBER TWO.

No. III.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

92.—C. M.

The Progress of Nature.

1 All nature dies and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that grace the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain,
A desolated waste.

3 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4 So man, although he fades away,
Lives in another race,
And each doth fill his little round
Of life, of time and space.

5 The aged sire who falls to-day,
Leaves offspring of his kind,
So every link in nature's chain
Leaves other links behind.

6 Thus all the links of ceaseless time
Make one eternal round;
Without beginning, pause, or end,
Nor yet cessation found.

93.—L M.

The operations of Nature manifest an incomprehensible power.

1 All nature speaks, let men give ear,
And stand erect, attentive, free;
The voice of nature they shall hear,
The works of nature they shall see.

2 Behold the stars with sparkling light,
And planets which in order move!
They mount in ether's tow'ring height,
And raise our thoughts to orbs above.

3 The glorious sun, whose gentle beams
Enliven all things here below;
And lucid moon, with paler gleams,
Dame nature's power in grandeur show.

4 Survey the whole capacious earth,
The sea and land, rocks, hills and plains;
The power of nature gave them birth,
And by one law the whole maintains.

5 Behold the trees in verdure rise!
What beauty shines in all their leaves!
Behold the birds that mount the skies,
And fish that fill the mighty seas!

6 In them is seen a matchless power,
From which all living beings came:
Then let us all the truth adore,
And bow before its mighty name.

94.—8 *l.* C. M.

Where is the Spirit gone?

1 ANSWER me, burning stars of night,
Where has the spirit gone,
That, past the reach of human sight,
E'en as a breeze hath flown?
The stars then answer'd me, "We roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die."

2 O, many toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free:
Tell me if thou its place can find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmur'd in reply,
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

3 Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer—have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race has run?
The bright clouds answered, "We depart,
We vanish from the sky:
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die."

4 Speak, then, thou voice of Nature, thou,
Though of the deep, low tone,
Answer me, through life's restless now,
Where is the spirit flown?

And the voice answer'd, " Be thou still:
Enough 'tis thine to know,
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* task fulfil,
'Tis yours to look below."

95.—11's. M.

Exultation.

1 Come, freemen, awaken; come, hail the glad day,
Our hearts swell with tidings, our tongues shall obey;
Let joyful exultings unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

2 No longer deluded, our minds all are free;
Our tongues are unloosed, and we shout—*liberty!*
With joyful exultings our songs shall arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

3 No king-craft is dreaded, no priest-craft is feared;
Our laws, our own making; our counsels, revered,
Our youth well instructed, they open their eyes,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

4 Here raise the bold standard, the ensign on high;
Away with oppression, the base sordid lie;
When foul superstition, when bigotry flies,
We'll join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

96—7, 6 M.

A Call from the Oppressed.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From Egypt's ancient river,
From many palmy plains,
We hear the cry, " Deliver
Our land from error's chains."

2 The iron yoke—oppression,
When tyrants bear the sway;
Alike in each profession,
Where honor leads the way;
Is laid on those who labor,
And toil for all the wealth;
Who think it a great favor,
To have their life and health.

3 Alas! the proud dominion,
Of superstition's god!
Who spreads his mighty kingdom,
And rules it with his nod;
Who's fill'd with wrath and vengeance,
'Gainst all who are his foes;
But void of all resemblance
To nature's calm repose.

4 Awake to truth and nature,
No longer be afraid;
They cause alike each creature,
As all things else are made;
Each link begun and ended,
Progressive, moving on,
Is nature but extended,
And shows the chain but one.

97.—8, 7's M.

Gather your Roses while you may.

1 Gather your roses while you may,
Old time is ever flying;
And that same flower which blooms to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

2 Wisely improve the present hour,
Be innocently merry;
Slight not the pleasures in your power,
Which will not, cannot tarry.

3 Let virtue ever be your guide,
While merged in fleeting pleasure;
All other objects else beside,
Can prove no lasting treasure

4 Tho' time must fly, tho' flowers may fade,
And pleasure prove uncertain;
In friendship's path we'll ever tread,
Till death shall drop the curtain.

98.—C. M.

Contentment.

1 Give me some green retired spot,
Far from the world's deceit,
Be mine the ivy cover'd cot;
The shaded, cool retreat.

2 And let some tall and reverend palm
Stretch its broad shadow round—
And underneath its branching arm
A rustic seat be found.

3 And let the gentle waters lave,
In streams beside my door,
With rounded pebbles 'neath the wave,
The freshen'd green their shore.

4 Give me with these, a single rood,
Of fruitful garden ground,
Where I may raise my healthy food,
And take my morning round.

5 And, oh! to make my bliss complete,
Give me my gentle spouse;
To bless this kind, secure retreat,
With love's unbroken vows.

6 Grant this—and every thought beside
That fills the grasping mind;
Desires of wealth, or haughty pride,
I'll scatter to the wind.

99.—L. M.

The Fount of Life.

1 GREAT source of beings! Fount of life!
Which people air, or earth, or sea!
All creatures feel thy power, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wants, he looks around.—
From nature's goodness seeks supplies;
When by mistake, he error finds,
He seeks wherein the error lies.

3 Exhaustless Fountain! all are thine;
All feel thy kind, impartial care;
And through each changing scene of life,
Alike thy constant bounties share.

4 And whether grief oppress the heart;
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its varying course;
Or death invite the heart to rest:

5 All—all result from Nature's laws,
Unchanging all are in their course;
And man, and all things, must submit
To Nature's far superior force.

100.—AN ODE.

AIR.—"*Rule Britannia.*"

1 HAIL, dawning light, immortal, free,
O welcome to our grateful hearts!
Thy truth eternal, emancipates from fear,
And joyful peace to all imparts.
Be thou victorious, victorious ever be,
And reconcile the world to thee.

2 From depths of night, in gloomy cells,
The fear of death and hell was rear'd;
But native reason hath bro't the festive day,
And death no more can now be feared.
Be thou &c.

3 To freedom's heroes, noble names,
We pay a tribute justly due; [folds,
Still truth undaunted, far brighter scenes un-
And keeps the glorious work in view.
Be thou &c.

4 Let Reason guide the human mind,
Adorned with every lovely grace; [peace,
Then native wisdom, whose ways are love and
Shall virtue teach the human race.
Be thou &c.

101.—L. M.

Contentment.

1 HAIL, sacred peace! Contentment sweet!
Thy calm repose inspires my tongue;
While music doth her numbers beat,
To thee alone I'll raise my song.

2 Blest with thine all-supporting charms,
The needy poor have quick relief;
Without the aid of thy kind arms,
The rich are fill'd with wo and grief.

3 The absence of our warmest friends,
Thy soothing presence well supplies;
With thee the mind itself transcends,
And all the ills of life defies.

4 Not all the riches of the east,
Nor all the gems of boasted fame,
Can spread so rich or sumpt'ous feast,
Or give to man a nobler name.

5 O precious gem of sweet content!
Let me but know and feel thy charms;
Millions may be by others spent,
While I rest safely in thine arms.

102.—6 *l.* L.M.

The Tear of Sympathy.

1 How lovely in the arch of heaven
Appears yon sinking orb of light,
As, darting through the clouds of even,
It gilds the rising shades of night!
Yet brighter, fairer shines the tear
That trickles o'er misfortune's bier.

2 Sweet is the murmur of the gale
That whispers thro' the summer's grove!
Soft is the tone of friendship's tale,
And softer still the voice of love;
Yet softer still the tears that flow
To mourn—to sooth another's wo!

3 Richer than richest diadem
That glitters on the monarch's brow!
Purer than ocean's purest gem,
Or all that wealth or art can show—
The drop that swells in Pity's eye,
The pearl of sensibility.

4 Let false philosophy decry
The noblest feeling of the mind;
Let wretched sophists madly try
To prove a pleasure more refined:
They only strive in vain to steel
The tenderness they cannot feel!

5 To sink in Nature's last decay,
Without a friend to mourn the fall,
To mark its embers die away,
Deplored by few—unwept by all—
This—this is sorrow's deadliest curse,
Nor hate, nor hell, can form a worse!

6 Take wealth—I know its paltry worth!
Take honor—it will pass away:
Take power—I scorn the bounded earth!
Take pomp—its trappings soon decay;
But spare me, grant me Pity's tear,
To sooth my wo, and mourn my bier.

103.—L. M.

Love and Harmony.

1 How PLEASING is the lovely sight.
Oh! how it does my heart delight!
To see the sons of peace agree,
And live in social harmony

2 How blest is that fraternal band,
Who now in sweet agreement stand,
Where every heart can sympathize,
When blessings flow or troubles rise!

3 O may each heart among us be
One of this blest fraternity;
With moral goodness to maintain,
Where peace and love and friendship reign!

4 To cultivate this moral tie,
Let truth detect the foolish lie;
For from the fact of knowing things,
This social love and union springs.

104.—S. M.

The vanity of idle dreams.

1 How VAIN are idle dreams!
How false! and yet how fair!
This world no solid comfort brings,
If love be wanting there.

2 See monarchs richly crowned!
With vassals at their feet;
Their fame is but an empty sound;
A word of fond deceit.

3 The honors men bestow
No pleasures can afford,
Nor all the pomp of wealthy show
Without a kind regard.

4 Such pomp will pass away,
Just like the running stream;
And life itself will soon decay,
And every idle dream.

5 Come, then, improve each hour—
And as the moments fly,
Regale thyself with life's sweet flower,
Which soon will droop and die.

105.—AIR—*I see them on their winding way*

The Martyrs.

1 I SEE the Martyr march along,
The centre of a zealot throng,
I see the monks their crosses raise,
And eager point the eddying blaze!
I see the victim's blanching cheek,
Pale nature's dread of torture speak;
But in the stern fanatic's eye,
I read the power of bigotry!
Behold his look, so wild and proud,
As glance his eyes above the crowd;
In vain the priests around him press,
He'll not recant, he'll not confess!

2 "Recant! recant!" the priests exclaim,
"Or die amid yon burning flame;"
From whence thy soul, as canons tell,
Will take its place in burning Hell!
"No," shouts the victim, "I shall rest,
In safe repose on Abram's breast;
And see you all in brimstone roll,
Lay shrieking 'Martyr, save my soul!'
In vain ye'll shriek, in vain ye'll weep,
No water wets your parching lip!
While I in joy eternal dwell,
Enhanced by view of suff'ring Hell!"

3 He dies—we hope he rests in peace,
Where all our pains and sorrows cease,
His view of Hell has pass'd away;
His hopes of bliss, ah! where are they?
His fierce oppressors, in their turn,
By other sects condemn'd may burn,—
And still the rack and faggot reign,
Till mental freedom breaks the chain.
Ah! then, like brethren men may dwell—
No wild dispute of heaven or hell;
By virtue led, with wisdom blest,
Earth will have peace and man have rest.

106.—C. M.

The reign of Knowledge.

1 KNOWLEDGE its empire shall extend;
Beneath its gentle sway,
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And peaceful laws obey

2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest;
Shall hear the noise of war no more—
The people shall have rest.

3 As rain descends in gentle showers,
In each returning spring;
And calls to life the fragrant flowers,
Which makes the turtle sing;

4 So knowledge in a gen'rous mind
Frees the wrung heart from wo;
Its blessings on all human kind,
In gentle currents flow.

5 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall cheer the night;
True knowledge shall its sceptre sway,
With never-ceasing light.

6 All that the reign of vice destroyed,
True knowledge shall restore;
And from its treasures richly stored,
Shall give us blessings more.

107.—AIR—*Adams and Liberty.*

Let us hail the fair prospect.

1 *Let us* hail the fair prospect that opens around us,
The triumph of reason, the march of the mind!
We have broken the chain *with which* ignorance bound us,
Thy links, Superstition! are nearly untwined!
In defence of our laws, in bold Liberty's cause;
Our fathers have fought 'mid their country's applause!
And their sons, still shall rally at Liberty's call,
Till the worm eaten altars of bigotry fall!

2 On the Andes cold height, robed in splendor sublime,
The Genius of Freedom assumes his high station,
With rapture he smiles as the progress of time,
Presents to his view an enlight*ening* nation!
He *beholds* with delight, the dark phantoms of night,
Pale credulity's offspring retreat from the light!
And bids his sons rally when Liberty calls,
Till the gloomy old temple of ignorance falls.

3 Hark! loud on the breeze, swell the accents of wo!
'Tis the shriek of despair from dethroned Superstition;
Her sceptre is broken, her crown is laid low!
She sheds tears of despite, but not of contrition.
Were her sceptre as strong, and her arm still as long,
As they were in the days of proud chivalry's song;
She would bid her fierce children arise in their rage,
And quench heresy's torch in the blood of the sage!

4 Oh Science! mild Science, we hail thy blest birth!
But for thee! what would raise us above the red savage?
Like him we might live with the beasts of the earth;
Like the panther might prowl, like the tiger might ravage,
Where deep in earth's clay, the bright mineral lay,
Thine eye sees the mine and thy hand points the way,
But for thee! might astronomy sink in despair,
And the ocean be pathless for *man*—as the air.

108.—Air—"*Tulloch Goram.*'

Reason's Celebration.

1 Let Reason's sons in one accord,
Proclaim to man the sacred word,
That Nature is the Sov'reign Lord,
Throughout the whole creation.
Let men in common all agree,
To live in bonds of unity,
And in festive mirth and glee,
Hail Reason's celebration.

2 To use our reason 's our delight,
It makes all men as one unite,
To see what's wrong and what is right,
In their true situation.
That should our reason blinded be,
We may refute it openly,
That all mankind may clearly see
Through Reason's celebration.

3 Let common sense then but prevail,
And tell its own unvarnished tale,
How man is cheated by wholesale,
By creeds of priests' invention.

By hidden mysteries unrevealed,
By wily priests as now upheld,
That they may keep mankind inthral'd,
To suit their base intentions.

4 While priests and bigots strive and fight,
To keep men from becoming right,
And thunder out their venom spite,
On all who do oppose them,
Oh, firm united let us be,
Forever live in amity,
Till priestly fears are made to flee,
By reasons which expose them.

5 Then virtue shall men's ways adorn,
And generous deeds each bosom warm,
And every act with shame will spurn,
That stops man's exaltation.
But happy minded still we 'll be,
Rejoicing in true liberty,
For mankind will like brothers be,
In reason's celebration.

PART II.

1 Should Persecution raise its head,
With iron hand and haughty tread,
Attempt to strike its victims dead,
Or stamp them with pollution;
We'll boldly march into the field,
Where reason is the only shield,
The sword of truth alone we'll wield,
And plead the Constitution.

2 Should foes declare, "We have a law,"
To keep Enquirers all in awe,
As good as Spaniards ever saw
In Holy Inquisition;
It may be so; such laws, indeed!
Which all from bigotry proceed,
With bolts and bars to aid a creed,
Are fraught with superstition.

3 The people also have a law—
Let us from thence conclusions draw,
And see if men should stand in awe
Of priestly lords' dominion;
"No man shall ever be restrained,
His person hurt, estate detained,
Nor shall he e'er be even blamed,
For teaching his opinion."

109.—6 *l.* L. M.

Ode to Charity.

1 Offspring of Truth, and Virtue's friend,
Bright Charity, inspire the lay;
Thine influence o'er the world extend,
And shine in all a cloudless day:
To thee our constant vows are paid,
Thy praise we hymn, celestial maid.

2 When Vulcan rages unconfined,
And Neptune mourns his baffled power;
When flames aspiring with the wind,
To heaven's high arch resistless tower:
'Tis thou our hearts with pity's glow,
Inspir'st to feel for human wo.

3 Come, then, all bounteous as thou art,
And hide thee from our sight no more;
Touch every soul, expand each heart,
That breathes on freedom's chosen shore:
Columbia's sons, with pity's glow,
Inspire to feel for human wo.

110.—8, 8, 4 M.

Life fades away.

1 Oh! let the mind its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake,
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, fades away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

2 And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

3 Let no vain hope deceive the mind;
No happier let us hope to find
To-mor'w than t'-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright;
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

4 Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are bought;
That path alone of all unsought,
Is found of all.

111.—12, 13, M.

AIR—*Blue Bells of Scotland.*

1 OH where, tell me where are your comforts fled and gone?
Oh where, &c.
They're gone with bleeding sorrows where they seek for joys to come;
And 'tis O in my heart that I wish for peace at home.

2 They said, let us go, that we sure may life obtain;
They said, &c.
They went with anxious sighings where they heard of endless pain;
And 'tis O in my heart that I wish them back again.

3 Away! cruel priests! who my comforts from me tore;
Away! &c.
Ye nought but deceive us with all your ancient lore;
And 'tis O to my heart now my comforts come once more.

4 No longer I sigh, and no longer shall I moan,
No longer, &c.
No longer bewilder'd, my thoughts no longer roam;
And 'tis here in my heart that I now have peace at home.

112.—L. M.

Our Country.

1 OUR country! Oh! our native land,
Home of the wise, the brave, and free,
Where peace and plenty, hand in hand,
Bask in the beams of liberty;

2 Thy mighty mountains, heights sublime,
Thy fields in living verdure bright,
Columbia! fair and favor'd clime,
Thy floods, with spreading canvas white;

3 The frowning steep, the forest shade,
The river's ample gush below,
Which now is dash'd in wild cascade,
Now sweeps along in noiseless flow;

4 The distant city's beamy spires,
The flocks that graze upon the hill—
All, all the ardent fancy fires,
And wakes the patriotic thrill.

5 The sails of commerce, broad unfurl'd,
From many a distant bay and cape,
Here waft the treasures of the world,
And pour them in thine ample lap.

6 No longer then by power or pride
Thy val'rous sons should be oppressed:
Indignant cast the yoke aside,
And spring to Freedom's sacred breast.

113.—AIR—"*Bruce's Address.*"
Ode to Superstition.

1 SCOURGE and tyrant of the land,
Kindler of dissension's brand,
Drop from out thy palsied hand,
Th' sceptre of thy sway!
We have burst thy hated chain—
We disown thy blighting reign,
Ne'er will we be slaves again,
Reason points our way.

2 Rouse thee for the coming hour!
Gather all thy motley power,
'Scetic, stern, fanatic, sour—
Mussulman and Jew;

Pride, thy banner for the field;
Ignorance thy strongest shield!
Th' sword of falsehood well ye wield—
Faith your war cry true.

3 Take the field, with all your force
Stem Enquiry at its source,
Stop triumphant Reason's course,
Weld thy links again!

Hush!—thy bloody reign is o'er!
Lies shall blind our eyes no more;
Fly to Lapland's wizard shore—
There revive thy reign!

4 Hide thee from the blaze of day;
Hide thyself from Truth's bright ray—
Through the valley wend thy way,
Den, or gloomy cave?

There, in mystic garb array'd,
Beat thy drum, the moon to aid;
Give the wand'ring sons of trade
Charms to rule the wave!

5 Superstition bows her head—
Falsehood sleeps among the dead,
Bigotry's exulting tread,
Now cannot condemn;

Sal'ried sons may mourn her fall—
Pastors to their flocks may call;
They no more our minds inthral,
Reason cries—AMEN.

114.—Air—"*Sound the loud timbrel.*"

Parody.

1 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Mystery's dark sea;
For Wisdom has triumph'd, her children are free:
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave.
How vain was their boasting, the truth hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Word,
His strength was our arrow, his wisdom our sword;
Who shall return to tell Myst'ry the story,
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride;
The Truth hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Praise to the Conqueror, &c.

115.—Air—"*Strike the cymbal.*"

Another.

1 Strike the cymbal, roll the tymbal,
The age of miracles is o'er;
Superstition's frantic vision
Shall delude the mind no more.
See the morning of reason dawning
Science sheds its beams around;
Spectres flying, falsehood dying,
Truth alone maintains the ground.

2 Nature waking, our sleep is breaking,
See the truth with rapture spreading;
O'er all minds its influence shedding.
Spread your banners, shout hosannas,
Superstition reigns no more!

3 Though the thunder rend asunder
Every fane of worship here,
Truth instructing, all conducting,
Points to nature's temple near.
What are revelations now?
We to Reason's sceptre bow.
Science now displays her power,
Miracles are seen no more.
Reason, Science, may they forever reign.
Forever, &c.

116.—AIR—"*Yellow haired laddie.*"

O Truth! there is nothing so lovely as thee.

1 THE bright sun of reason relumes her fair sky,
The clouds that obscured it, behold how they fly;
For the light shines again, that all mankind may see;
O truth! there is nothing so lovely as thee.

2 For ages long past the foul bigot has tried
Fair truth with a veil of dark mystery to hide,
But that veil is now rent and with rapture we see,
O truth! there is nothing so lovely as thee.

3 Now wealth's gayest garment though falsehood may wear,
That priest-craft may revel and folly may stare,
For eyes that were blinded now plainly can see,
O truth! there is nothing so lovely as thee.

4 O soon may the last cloud of mystery take flight,
From Reason's pure sky to its own gloomy night,
That man may exclaim, from all bondage set free,
O truth! there is nothing so lovely as thee.

N. B. The above may also be sung to the Air of "The meeting of the waters."

117.—C. M.—*Nature.*

1 The stores of darkness and of light
In Nature's treasures lie;
She weaves the sable robe of night,
And spreads it o'er the sky.

2 And when with welcome slumbers press'd
We close our weary eyes,
Her power at night invites to rest,
At morn invites to rise.

3 Her hand a radiant vesture flings
Around the dawning day,
As from the east bright Phœbus springs,
To climb his cheering way.

4 We then the various tasks pursue,
Which Fortune's hand assigns;
And the gay scene around us view,
In which her beauty shines.

118.—8's M.—*The Seasons.*

1 The winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray;
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles her lay.

2 The meadows with herds are adorn'd,
The flocks in the pastures are seen,
The shepherd boy pipes his shrill horn,
The lambs skip and play on the green.

3 The husbandman follows the plough,
And labors with cheerful good will;
For labor is laudable now,
And blesses the laborer still.

4 And when the rich harvest comes in,
The husbandman has his full share;
For none but with labor can win,
What labor alone can prepare.

5 So honest men now are esteemed
Alone for the good that they do;
But misers and rogues are all deemed,
At best, but a niggardly crew.

6 Then virtue alone let us praise,
And honor the good and the wise;
Who fill up their measure of days,
With actions which none can despise.

119.—*Ode for the Fourth of July.*

1 THE trumpet of liberty sounds through the world,
And the universe starts at the sound—
Her standard Philosophy's hand has unfurl'd,
And the nations are thronging around.
Chorus.—Fall, tyrants, fall!
These are the days of Liberty.

2 How noble the ardor that seizes the soul!
How it bursts from the yoke and the chain!
What *power* can the fervor of Freedom control,
Or its terrible vengeance restrain?
Fall, tyrants, fall! &c.

3 Ye stern *towers* of despots! ye dungeons and cells!
The tempest shall sweep you away—
From the west to the east the dread hurricane swells
And the tyrants grow pale in dismay.
Fall, tyrants, fall! &c.

4 The slave, on whose neck the proud despot has trod,
Now feels that himself is a man—
And the lordly usurper, who ruled with a rod,
Hides his head 'midst his servile divan.
Fall, tyrants, fall! &c.

5 The cruel dominion of Priestcraft is o'er,
With its thunders, its faggots, its chains—
Mankind will endure the vile bondage no more,
While as Reason her freedom maintains.
Fall, tyrants, fall! &c.

6 The hymn of the free shall Americans hear
With a cold and insensible mind?
No! each freeman his part in the chorus shall bear
And contend for the rights of mankind.
Fall, tyrants, fall! &c.

120.—12's M.

The voice of the Priest.

1 THE voice of the priest! hear his sad declamation!
" The whole human race deserve hell and damnation! "
But freemen have learned that the priest is mistaken;
The light that he spurned his kingdom has shaken.
Huzza to the light, which alone can relieve us;
Adieu to the priest, who so long has deceived us.

2 No longer enslaved now the mind spreads her pinions,
And bids a farewell to errors' dominions;
Ascends the fair mountain of virtue and science,
Till pride and intol'rance she sets at defiance.
Huzza to the light, which alone can relieve us;
Adieu to the priest, who so long has deceived us.

3 Now, freedom, all hail! here unfurl your proud banners,
For the truth doth prevail, and our youth shout hosannas;
Hosanna, all hail! the truth rings sonorous,
And children are glad, and they join in the chorus.
Huzza to the light, which alone can relieve us;
Adieu to the priest, who so long has deceived us.

4 The storm is now o'er, and the contest is ended,
The work is complete, and our cause is defended;
The priests' frightful stories no longer are minded,
No longer our race shall by priestcraft be blinded.
Huzza to the light, which alone can relieve us;
Adieu to the priest, who so long has deceived us.

121.—"*Watchman what of the night?*"

Parody.

1*st Voice.*—WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of prospect are?
2*d Voice.*—Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star.
1*st Voice.*—Watchman! in that beauteous ray,
Can you aught of joy foresee?
2*d Voice.*—Trav'ller! yes, it brings the day,
Freemen's day of liberty.
Chorus.——Trav'ller! yes, it brings the day,
Freemen's day of liberty.

2

1*st Voice.*—Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet the star ascends,
2*d Voice.*—Trav'ller! liberty and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
1*st Voice.*—Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
2*d Voice.*—Trav'ller! ages are its own:
See it burst o'er all the earth.
Chorus.——Trav'ller! ages, &c.

3

1*st Voice.*—Watchman! tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
2*d Voice.*—Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
1*st Voice.*—Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
2*d Voice.*—Trav'ller! lo the friend of peace,
Lo, true moral light is come.
Chorus.——Trav'ller! lo, &c.

122.—P. M.—*Parody.*

Fanaticism.

1 WHEN the fierce north wind, with his airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down.

2 How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,
While the hoarse thunder like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
If things ideal may be like those earthly;
Such the dire terrors when the God of Reason
Shakes Superstition.

123.—S. M.

1 Why should we fear to tread
The gloomy vale of death?
Why should our minds be filled with dread,
When forced to yield our breath?

2 How calm! how gently sweet!
The sleeping corse appears!
Now sympathetic mourners meet,
To dry each others' tears.

3 Not one will e'er repine,
Nor without measure mourn;
Since all the virtues live and shine,
Though friends can ne'er return.

4 Then let us try to gain
The boon which virtue gives;
And leave behind a noble name,
A name that ever lives.

5 With such a claim as this,
No mortal need to fear;
It fills the mind with social bliss,
And every heart doth cheer.

END OF NUMBER THREE.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.—S. M.

To Wisdom, Power and Love,
The Truth which all adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

II.—C. M.

Let all the powers of life and thought
Inspire our hearts to praise,
And celebrate the knowledge taught,
Which gives us happy days.

III.—L. M.

Let all with grateful hearts adore
The great, unknown, eternal Power:
Congratulate ourselves that we,
From Superstition's awe are free.

IV.—8*l*. L. M.

Be ours, and all who truth hold dear,
The blessing of a conscience clear;
And peace to bid our hearts repose;
And sweet content to soothe our woes.
Be ours the love that fills the mind
With feelings tender, pure, and kind;
If for aught else on earth we sigh,
Let *patience* absent joys supply.

V.—7s. M.

Grateful notes and numbers bring
While true Wisdom's praise we sing;
In her praise your breath employ,—
Purest Source of every joy.

VI.—H. M.

Let Virtue be the song
Of every honest mind;
May every heart and tongue
The social pleasures find.
The streams of love and knowledge flow,
A sovereign balm for every wo.

VII.—8, 8, 6 M.

Adieu to all the anxious fears
Of never-ending future years,
In future worlds unknown;
While others fancy, like a dream,
A future world, to us unseen,
We'll cultivate our own.

VIII.—P. M.

From this banquet now retiring,
May our minds be fill'd with peace;
While to knowledge each aspiring,
Each, the paths of wisdom trace:
Still undaunted
Vindicate the human race.

IX.—8 & 7's. M.

Praise kind Nature for each blessing,
Human beings now are free;
Let us each this peace possessing,
Triumph in true Liberty.

X.—8, 7's M.

Look around the fields of Nature,
Pleasant scenes, how richly gay!
What a home for every creature,
Doth the universe display!
See the earth, with air surrounding,
Ocean, with her deep profound;
All with life and stir abounding,
Happy millions all around.

XI.—10, 11, M.

Come, let us rejoice, and ever be glad;
We'll lift up the voice and never be sad;
With just admiration the truth we'll revere;
There's no condemnation to motives sincere.

XII.—6, 6, 8 M.

Come, let us rise and sing,
And make this temple ring,
And greet the truth we hear to-day;
Since all our minds are free,
Oh! let us joyful be,
And drive all anxious thoughts away!

XIII.—L. P. M.

Truth fills the earth, pervades the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in splendor there.
Its beams are majesty and light,
Its beauties how sublimely bright!
Its temple how sublimely fair!

XIV.—6*l*. L. M.

TUNE all your harps, lift up your eyes,
And with one voice in concert rise,
Proclaim abroad to all around,
That universal peace is found:
No longer sigh like one forlorn;
A nation's freedom now is born.

XV.—7's M.

WHEN we have a pleasant home,
When our friends together come
Then we all the value prove
Of the fruits of cordial love.
Hither all your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string:
Let our hearts with joy improve
All the fruits of cordial love.

XVI.—6, 6, 4 M.

COME, raise your voices high,
Let praises fill the sky,
To *Virtue's* laws;
Her love and grace adore,
Both now as heretofore,
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the *cause*.

XVII.—12's M.

ARISE, let us sing, with a loud acclamation,
Exultingly shout in the great congregation,
For Reason has triumphed and priests are discarded,
No longer their dogmas believed or regarded.
Huzza to the Truth, which is now our protection!
Adieu to all craft of fraud and deception!

No. IV

NATIONAL HYMNS.

124.—*SONG.*

1 Away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring
On life and human folly ;
But merrily, merrily sing, so gay.

2 Come on ye rosy hours,
Gay smiling moments bring ;
We'll strew the way with flowers,
And merrily, merrily sing, so gay.

3 Then what's the use of sighing,
While time is on the wing ;
Can we prevent his flying ?
Then merrily, merrily sing, so gay.

4 If grief, like April showers,
A moment's sadness brings ;
Joys soon succeed like flowers ;
Then cheerily, cheerily sing, so gay.

5 The rose its bloom refuses,
If pluck'd not in the spring ;
Life soon its fragrance loses ;
Then Cheerily, cheerily sing, so gay.

6 Fly, fly, all dull emotion,
All care away we fling
Pure joy is our devotion,
Then cheerily, cheerily sing, so gay.

125.—6 *l.* L. M.

1 ARRAY'D in clouds of golden light,
More bright than heav'n's resplendent bow,
Pure native reason came by right,
To bless the only world we know.
How soft the music which it brings,
How sweet the joyful strains it sings.

2 Good will henceforth to men be giv'n,
The light of truth now beams on earth;
Let ign'rance from our hearts be driv'n,
And freemen shout with joy and mirth;
Columb'a's sons, rejoice and sing,
The truth shall reign our only king.

3 No more let priests or priestcraft reign,
Whose wiles have oft to madness driv'n;
No more devote to endless pain,
Nor prate about imagin'd heav'n:
But let us speak of what we know,
And let the whims of fancy go.

126.—*SONG.*

1 BANISH sorrow, grief is folly,
Thought unbend thy wrinkled brow,
Hence dull care and melancholy,
Joyous songs invite us now.
Music is a glor'ous treasure,
It shall health and life prolong.
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,
Let us join the jovial song.

2 Life is short, 'tis but a season,
Time is ever on the wing;
Let 's the present moment seize on,
Who knows what the next will bring?
All our time by music measure,
All dull care we will despise;
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,
To be happy 's to be wise.

3 Wherefore then should we perplex us,
Why should we not merry be ?
Since in life there 's nought can vex us,
Music sets our hearts all free.
Let 's have music without measure,
Let 's be free while time we have ;
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,
There's no music with the slave.

127.—8, 7's M.

Let us enjoy the present moment.

1 Balmy seas of time and motion,
Bear me to thy soothing breast ;
Cease thy roaring, foaming ocean,
Let me sleep in quiet rest.

2 Cease your frowns, old superstition,
Show no more an angry god ;
For I see my true condition,
Borne aloft on Nature's flood.

3 On the banks are flowers blooming,
Let us catch them as we pass ;
For the wint'ry days are coming,
When such flowers cannot last.

4 See, the trees with fruit are bending
Richest clusters on the vine ;
Happy hours with joy transcending,
Shall I call such transports mine ?

5 Yes ; while I my labor yielding,
All to help the common weal ;
Each with arms his neighbor shielding,
Each for all like brothers feel.

6 Then, O then! each friend and neighbor,
All one object to obtain;
All partake in love and labor,
Through the vast, this wide domain.

128.—7's M.

1 Banish sorrow, banish grief,
Murmur not when fortune flies;
Sorrow ne'er will bring relief,
Joy from weeping ne'er will rise.
Why should we with wrinkl'd care,
Change what nature made so fair?
Let us set the heart at rest,
Of life's troubles make the best.

2 Busy brains we know, alas!
Let their thoughts at random run,
Like the sand within the glass,
Turning still, and still run on;
Never knowing where to stay,
But uneasy ev'ry way.
Let us set, &c.

3 Some pursue uncertain wealth,
Some to honors high aspire;
Give me freedom, give me health,
That 's the sum of my desire:
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content.
Let us set, &c.

4 Mirth, when mingled with good will,
Makes the heart alert and free;
Let the snow or rain distil,
All 's the same throughout to me:

'Tis no use to war with fate,
Changes daily on us wait.
Let us set, &c.

129.—AIR—"*Bugh's Marion.*"

1 COME, enter these courts with rejoicing,
Exult in the pow'rs of the mind ;
Together in reason expounding,
The path that is free to mankind.

2 No creeds, beads, nor crucifix glancing,
To charm the untaught mind away ;
Our emblem is 'Searching for Wisdom,'
Our motto, 'Let Truth light the way.'

3 Then hail to the bright dawn of reason,
That soon will enclose in the tomb
All bigots and priest-ridden despots,
And freemen all witness their doom.

4 Let us sing forth our hymn in the morning,
When freemen no longer shall mourn ;
But shall rise like a beacon adorning,
Whose brilliance forever shall burn.

130.—*Sons of the Brave.*

1 COME, sons of the brave,
See the flag of the slave,
Now to arms, now to arms,
To the standard of freedom repair ,
For slaves and bigots hand in hand,
Are forging chains t' enslave the land ;
Now to arms, now to arms,
E'er our country is lost in despair

2 Come, sons of the brave,
Let your flag proudly wave ;
Sound to arms, sound to arms,
In defence of our rights let us stand,
Firmly united let us be ;
The day is ours, our foes they flee ;
For the mind brave and free
Is a soldier they ne'er can withstand.

3 Come, sons of the brave,
Now the vict'ry you have ;
For our foes join our arms.
Sound the music with mirth, song and glee.
Show mercy to our fallen foes ;
See, now our ranks do them enclose ;
Sound the trumpet of joy.
Our bless'd land shall be happy and free.

131.—8 *l.* C. M.

Contentment.

1 CONTENTMENT, hail thou princely gem,
Thou jewel brighter far
Than e'er enrich'd a diadem,
Or grac'd a monarch's star ;
With thee I 'd court no gilded woe,
No splendid, gay distress ;
No empty pageantry and show,
No smiling wretchedness.

2 Go view the peaceful shepherd's cot,
How happy is his fate !
Content and poverty his lot,
He envies not the great :

Delightful scene where wisdom grows
In ev'ry woody vale ;
Or when the murm'ring riv'let flows,
Enchanting mansion, hail !

3 'Tis there true happiness is seen,
There tumult passions rest ;
There while I range the sylvan scene,
My joyful heart is blest.
Indulgent friends of human kind,
Let mutual blessings flow ;
Which give content and peace of mind,
The purest joys we know.

132.—11's M.

1 DAUGHTER of freedom, awake from thy sadness
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more,
Bright o'er thy hills, dawns the day star of gladness,
Arise ! for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.
Daughter of freedom, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdu'd them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far [them,
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursu'd
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
Daughter of freedom, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

3 Daughter of freedom, the pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp, and the timbrel should be.
Shout ! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee !
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd and reason is free.
Daughter of freedom, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

133.—*Freemen's Song.*

1 DRAW the sword, freemen ! freemen ! freemen !
Throughout the Union hath past the war sign;
Th' alarm bells are pealing ! pealing ! pealing !
Who heeds not the summons is no son of thine.

2 Thy friends they are gath'ring! gath'ring! gath'ring!
Thy friends they are gath'ring by land and by sea;
Our banners now are flying! flying! flying!
Our banners now are flying, that lead to victory.

3 Draw the sword, freemen! freemen! freemen!
Charge, as y' have charg'd in the days of your prime;
Sound to the onset, th' onset, th' onset,
He who but falters is no son of thine.

4 Sheath the sword, freemen! freemen! freemen!
Sheath the sword, freemen! for dim'd is its shine;
Thy foes are all flying! flying! flying!
And who knows no mercy is no son of thine.

5 The struggle is over! over! over!
The struggle is over! the victory won!
There are tears for the fallen! th' fallen! th' fallen!
And glory for all who their duty have done.

6 Sheath the sword, freemen! freemen! freemen!
With fragrant myrtle new laurels entwine,
Time ne'er shall part them, part them, part them,
But hand down the garland to each son of thine.*

134.—8, 7's M.

1 FRESH and strong the breeze is blowing
While yon ship at anchor rides;
Sullen waves incessant flowing,
Rudely dash against her sides;
Thus my heart its course impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breast;
Doubts like waves by waves succeeded,
Rise and still deny me rest.

2 Cruel phantoms, rise nocturnal,
Paint a dreadful scene to come;
Haunt my soul each hour diurnal—
Chide my thoughts too apt to roam:

* *Son of thine.* This refers to America, understood, which is singular, and not to freemen, expressed, which is plural. The song is in imitation of "Draw the sword, Scotland," &c. Words in Italics in this and other songs, are to be sung together as one word; as "charg'd *in the* days," &c.

Yet a ray of hope beams on me,
Why should nature be unkind ?
Why should fancy's vision vex me—
Mere delusions of the mind

3 By her anchor still supported,
Idly round the tempests roar.
See, the only cable parted,
And, alas ! the ship 's off shore.
Thus despair my heart annoying,
Like an overwhelming wave ;
Hope and fear alike destroying,
Speed me to the silent grave.

4 Hush, such childish sad forebodings,
Why should living man despond ?
Fear alone with these corrodings,
All my future prospects drown.
I 'll no longer yield to sorrow,
But with life be ever gay ;
For my prospects ere to-morrow,
May be all as bright as day.

135.—*Hail Columbia.*

1 HAIL Columbia ! happy land !
Hail, ye heroes, brilliant band !
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause ; *R.*
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost ;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Sound its praise to yonder skies.
Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

2 Glorious patriots ! rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with haughty tread, *R.*
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While seeking peace, sincere and just,
In reason's guide we place our trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm united, &c.

3 Sound the trump of mighty fame,
Let Washington's heroic name
Ring through the world with loud applause. *R.*
Let every clime to freedom dear,
Still listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and manly power,
He govern'd in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or rul'd with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm united, &c.

136.—*Glorious Science*

1 Hail forever glorious science,
Which to discord bids defiance,
Harmony alone reigns here.
Come, let 's sing with joy and gladness,
We are free from folly's madness,
Th' rights of man we now revere.

2 Blow the trumpet, rouse the nation,
Call up minds of every station,
Sound through all this wide domain,
Sound aloud a nation's glory,
Tell to all the joyful story,
Peace and plenty here shall reign.

137.—*The Happy Man.*

1 How happy 's the man,
That 's free from all care ;
And loves to make merry
With a hearty good cheer ;
With his flute and his friend,
Passing time fast away ;
They, with songs after songs,
Are so happy and gay.

2 And since with one heart
Our joys we combine ;
We 'll throw off all discord,
And to mirth we 'll incline ;
We will sing and we 'll dance,
And we 'll live without fear :
Thus our days shall advance,
With a merry good cheer.

3 No priests shall alarm,
No creeds shall annoy;
No base superstition
Shall our comforts destroy;
But as true as the sun
We will march without fear,
And thus wind up our days
With a hearty good cheer.

138.—*The happy mind.*

1 How happy the mind
That, free from all guile,
Seeks wisdom and virtue,
Sweet contentment's fair smile ;

Truth and nature its guide,
Light and knowledge its stay,
Blest with reason divine
To illumine the way.

2 How blest is the mind
Where charity twines
Round friendship's bright altar,
And true feeling refines;
That is slave to no sect,
That from bigotry 's free,
Just and candid with all,
Though but few can agree.

3 How noble that mind,
From prejudice free'd,
That hails men as brothers,
Be whatever their creed;
And can meet them as friends,
Truly value their worth,
Though obscure or remote
Be the place of their birth.

4 Then hail the bright day
That dawns on the mind,
When witchcraft, and priestcraft,
Shall their fetters unbind;
And justice, and freedom,
Science, wisdom, and worth,
And peace, love, and good will,
Fill the bounds of the earth.

139.—8's M.—*The Beauties of Nature*

1 How sweetly along the gay mead,
The daisies and cowslips are seen!
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the beautiful green.

The vines that encircle the bow'rs,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, golden fruit, and sweet flow'rs,
All join in harmonious accord.

2 Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove ?
Forbid it, humanity's call,
Forbid it, fair freedom and love.
Since Nature such wonders can raise,
Developes whatever I see;
My lips shall e'er join in her praise,
My heart shall rejoice in full glee.

3 I 'll hail the delights of the ground,
How lovely the charms I survey;
The hills and the meadows around,
Their riches and grandeur display.
The woods where the nightingales sing,
The vale where the stream gently flows;
All gratefully hasten to bring
Their tribute of earliest love.

5 More pleasing indeed are the charms
Of music, of mirth, and of glee;
More blessed indeed are those arms
Which make us all happy and free.
Then listen to words of sweet peace,
To innocence, wisdom and love;
And thus shall true pleasures increase,
As hearts shall in virtue improve.

140.—*Life let us Cherish.*

1 Life let us cherish,
While yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret,
Pluck ere it close.
Why are we fond of toil and care,
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear;
And heedless by the lily stray,
That blossoms in our way ?
Life let us cherish, &c.

2 When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air ;
The sun assumes his golden vest,
And smiles adorn the west.
Life let us cherish, &c.

3 The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us ere we quit the shore,
Contentment seek, it is life's zest,
The sunshine of the breast.
Life let us cherish, &c.

4 Away with ev'ry toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear ,
With cheerful heart life's conflict meet,
Till death its numbers beat.
Life let us cherish, &c.

141.—8, 7's M.—*The Beauties of Nature.*

1 Look around the fields of Nature,
Pleasant scenes, how richly gay ;
What a home for ev'ry creature,
Doth the universe display !
See the earth with air surrounded,
Ocean, with her deep profound ;
All with life and stir abounding,
Happy millions all around.

2 Then we 'll praise all-bounteous Nature,
Praise shall flow from ev'ry tongue ;
Let us join with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song :
For the hours of social pleasure,
For the hope of future days,
For th' extent of life's full measure,
Shout aloud all Nature's praise

142.—8, 7's M.—*Spring.*

1 Lo ! the bright and rosy morning
Calls me forth to take the air ;
Cheerful spring with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new born year.
Nature now in all her beauty,
With her gentle moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleasing duty,
Of a grateful morning song.

2 Now their vernal dress assuming,
Leafy robes adorn the trees ;
Odors now the air perfuming,
Sweetly swell the gentle breeze
Vernal music softly sounding,
Echos through the verdant grove ;
Nature now with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love.

143.—*Nature.*

1 Lovely nature, most beautiful,
When thy charms are seen
By thy votaries, in time of spring,
Glowing, cheerful spring,
Lovely art thou.

2 Wondrous nature, most wonderful,
When thy works we see,
Mighty mountain tops, rivers and plains,
Sun and moon and stars,
Wondrous art thou.

3 Mighty nature, most powerful,
Swift thy course and true ;
For thy space and time are without end.
Lovely as thou art, wondrous as thou art
Mighty as thou art, man libels thee.

144.—*March to the Battle Field.*

1 March to the battle field,
The foe is now before us ;
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And peace is smiling o'er us.
The woes, the pains,
The galling chains,
Which keep our spirits under,
In proud disdain,
We 've broke again,
And torn each link asunder.
March to the battle field, &c.

2 Who for his country brave
Would fly from her invader ?
Who, his bare life to save,
Would, traitor-like, degrade her ?
Our country's cause,
Our home and laws,
'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
We 'll gain a crown
Of bright renown,
Or die our rights maintaining.
March to the battle field, &c.

145.—*The Merry Horn.*

1 Now error fast is waning,
As fast the truth is gaining ;
Though each haughty foe,
Were all in a glow,
We 'd let them all know,
Enquiring we go,
With sweet music and glee, social glee,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn

From east to west we 're going,
Simple 's the truth we 're showing,
Spheres on spheres surrounding,
Mirth and joy abounding,
In circles we meet,
Our friends we all greet,
And bigotry sweep,
The earth and the deep,
With sweet music and glee, social glee,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn

2 The priests are fill'd with wonder.
All mute their sons of thunder ;
Though temples they rear,
No danger we fear ;
Our bark well we steer,
And keep up good cheer,
With sweet music and glee, social glee,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.
See, now our joy advances,
We 'll join the social dances,
Horns and trumpets sounding,
Rocks and hills rebounding,
Let bigotry blow,
And call us his foe ;
His furies below,
He never can show ;
With sweet music and glee, social glee,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

146.—8 *l.* C. M.—*Charity.*

1 O CHARITY ! thou lovely grace,
All tender, soft and kind ;
A friend to all the human race,
To all that 's good and kind.

The man of charity extends
To all his lib'ral hand ;
His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,
His pity may command.

2 He aids the poor in their distress—
He hears when they complain ;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain :
The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find ;
He loves to give relief.

3 'Tis love that makes our friendship sweet ;
'Tis love that makes us rise ;
With willing mind and ardent feet,
To soothe and sympathize.
Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue ;
Thus shall we be with virtue crown'd
And love with feelings true.

147.—*Praise Life.*

Praise life to which all blessings flow,
Praise life, all creatures, high and low ;
Praise life alone, ye rich and poor,
Praise life till life shall be no more.
Hallelujah—Amen.

148.—7's M.

1 Praise to wisdom's virtuous ways,
For the peace that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ

2 Praise the blessings of the field,
All the stores the gardens yield ;
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain :

3 Nights that bring their moist'ning dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse ;
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth :
Knowledge, with its glad'ning streams,
Perfect friendship's lovlier beams.

149.—*Rise Cynthia.**

Rise, Cynthia, rise !
The ruddy morn on tiptoe stands
To view thy beauteous face.
Phœbus by fleeting coursers borne,
Sees naught so fair in all his race.
The circling hours that lag behind
Shall catch fresh beauty from thine eye ;
Yet, ah ! in pity to mankind,
Still wrapt in pleasing visions lie.

* *Cynthius* and *Cynthia*, the surname of Apollo and Diana, is the name of a mountain in the centre of the island of Delos, which overshadows the whole island, and on which Latona brought forth Apollo and Diana. Phœbus and Cynthia, as well as Apollo and Diana, of the Greeks, were emblems of the sun and moon, or rather the sun and moon personified, the same as Osiris and Isis of the Egyptians, or the Lamb of God and the Bride of the Lamb's wife of the gospel. In the language of Free Enquirers, Cynthia may represent Reason, the handmaid, sister, or bride of Common Sense.

150.—*Song.*

1 See, brothers, see! how the night comes on,
Slowly sinks the setting sun;
Hark! how the ev'ning vespers sound,
Sweetly fall upon the ear!
Then, haste, let us work till the day light is o'er,
And fold our nets as we row to the shore;
Our toil of labor being o'er,
How sweet the boatman's welcome home!

2 See, how the tints of day light die,
Soon we 'll hear the tender sigh;
For when the toil of labor 's o'er,
We shall meet our friends on shore.
Then, haste, let us work till the day light is o'er,
And fold our nets as we row to the shore;
For fame or gold, where'er we roam,
No sound so sweet as welcome home.

151.—*Fanaticism.*

1 See the grave and zealous preacher,
Stand before his fancied God;
How he swells in ev'ry feature,
Strikes a terror with his nod;
Heaves his breast, with hands imploring,
Supplicates he knows not what;
Fancied Image is adoring—
Sense and reason he has not.

2 Now he soars to lofty heavens,
Where is naught but perfect bliss;
Now descends to lower regions,
Where the devils grin and hiss;
Frightened mortals gaze and wonder,
Look aghast as in amaze;
While the speaker's voice like thunder,
Sets their hearts all in a blaze.

3 When will man adhere to nature,
Listen to her cheering voice ;
No more hear a proud dictator,
Reason make their only choice ?
Then will wisdom grace each meeting,
Reason dwell with common sense ,
Hearts and hands each other greeting,
Happiness their recompense.

152.—*Snatch fleeting Pleasures.*

1 Snatch fleeting pleasures—
Hence moping isksome care ;
Gather life's roses
While fresh and fair,
With ceaseless care we court our harms,
In quest of care we rove the mead ;
And slight the violet's modest charms,
That bloom beneath our tread.
Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

2 What tho' at noon the tempest low'r,
And round the forked lightnings play ,
Ere long the stormy blast is o'er,
And gladsome smiles the day.
Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

3 The breast that envy ne'er alarms,
Seeks pure delight in calm retreat ;
And all alive to nature's charms,
Meet bliss that flies the great.
Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

4 Who courts fair truth with vow sincere,
Nor checks compassion's gen'rous sigh ;
His home contentment's smile shall cheer,
Blest smile no wealth can buy.
Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

5 Whene'er extended gloom prevails,
And sorrow prompts the parting tear ;
Kind friendship's smiles the cloud dispels,
And softens ev'ry care,
Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

6 For friendship stills affliction's sigh,
And smooths misfortune's rugged way ;
To twilight turns the darksome sky,
And twilight into day.
Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

7 Hail sacred friendship, magic power,
To thee the daily vow shall rise,
So blithe shall guide each fleeting hour,
We spend in social joys.
Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

153.—10's M.

1 Softly the moonlight is shed on the lake;
Cool is the summer night, wake, O awake;
Faintly the music is heard from afar,
Faintly the music is heard from afar,
List, list, O list, to the lively guitar.

2 See the light Pinnace draws nigh to the shore,
Swiftly it glides at the heave of the oar,
Cheerily it plays on its buoyant car,
Cheerily it plays on its buoyant car,
List, list, O list, to the lively guitar.

154.—*Sons of Freedom.*

Sons of freedom, gather round us,
Bring the cymbal, bring the harp ;
High in glory, lo ! exalted,
See the stars of liberty.
Sons of freedom gather round us,
Sound the lute and strike the harp.

155.—L. M.—*Ode on Science.*

1 The morning sun shines from the east,
And spreads his glories to the west ;
All nations with his beams are blest,
Where'er the radiant light appears.

2 So science spreads her lucid ray,
O'er lands which long in darkness lay ;
She visits fair Columbia,
And sets her sons among the stars.

3 Fair freedom her attendant waits,
To bless the portals of her gates,
To crown the young and rising states,
With laurels of immortal day.

4 Th' oppressor's yoke, the iron chain,
Was urg'd upon our necks in vain,
All haughty tyrants we disdain,
And shout, long live America.

156.—AIR.—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Fair Freedom's Home.

1 THERE is a dear beloved spot,
That 's always near the heart,
Which time and space can never blot
From mem'ry's living chart ;
'Tis home—our native home, so sweet,
Our first, last wish is home ;
Where youth and age together meet,
'Tis home, fair freedom's home.

2 When first we saw life's morning sun,
In cloudless prospect rise ;
When first our hopes of bliss begun,
In friendship's tender ties :

'Tis home—our native home, so sweet,
And still we bless that home ;
Where youth and age together meet,
'Tis home, beloved home.

3 Here liberty and virtue meet,
And tyrants dare not come ;
Be this our first, our last retreat,
Our Children's NATIVE HOME.
'Tis home, THEIR native home, so sweet,
Our chosen, happy home ;
Thus may we ever freely meet,
And bless fair freedom's home.

4 Then wheresoe'er through life we roam,
O'er mountain, wild or wave ;
The smiles of home, fair freedom's home,
Shall light us to the grave :
'Tis home, our chosen home, so sweet,
Fair freedom's only home ;
Where friends and kindred freely meet,
That spot alone is home.

157.—12's M.*

The last Rose of Summer.

1 'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
So no flow'r of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh

2 I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;
So thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

* By singing the two first syllables in each line on the first note, in the music, this will go in 11's M. equally as well.

3 So then soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle, the gems drop away;
When such true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! then who would inhabit this bleak world alone.

158.—*Time.*

1 THERE is, we read, a time for pain,
Likewise a time for joy;
And all the pleasures man can claim,
Old time will soon destroy.

2 Destruction daily we behold
Of all our present bliss,
Then since in truth these things are told,
We may the ills dismiss.

3 To happiness the road is plain,
For virtue marks the way;
But Reason will from vice refrain,
And falsehood leads astray.

4 For Christian faith, or want of faith,
No person is to blame;
Faith stands on proof, as reason saith,
And truth declares the same.

5 When dreams and signs, by man surmis'd,
Mere phantoms of the mind,
For truth and solid sense are priz'd,
I think mankind are blind.

6 Fools may have faith, when reason fails,
But truth will never shine,
Where ancient Jewish bible tales,
Can pass for news divine.

159.—*Land of Liberty.*

1 To LIBERTY's enraptur'd sight,
When first Columbia's region shone ;
She hail'd it from her starry height,
And smiling claim'd it as her own.
"Fair land," the goddess cried, "be free!
"Soil of my choice, to fame arise!"
She spoke, and straight did mirth and glee
Swell the loud chorus to the skies.
All hail forever great and free!
Columbia, land of liberty!

2 Columbia's genius heard the strain,
And proudly raised her drooping crest ;
His sons impatient fill'd the plain,
When panted high each patriot's breast,
Their fetters they indignant spurn'd,
They wav'd their falch'ons high in air ;
And where the goddess' altar burn'd,
The warriors breath'd their silent prayer.
To die be ours, if thou art free,
Columbia, land of liberty!

3 War blew her clarion loud and long,
Oppression led her legions on;
To battle rul'd the patriot throng,
And soon the glorious day was won.
Each bleeding freeman smil'd in death,
Flying he saw his country's foes,
And wafted by his latest breath,
To peace the cheerful pæan rose—
Content I die, for thou art free,
Columbia, land of liberty!

4 And shall we ever dim those fires?
That flame on freedom's kindred shines;
Shall glory's children shame their sires,
Or cowards spring from heroes' loins?
No—by the blood of fathers shed,
O freedom! in thy sacred cause,
When, streaming from the martyr'd dead,
It seal'd and ratifi'd thy laws—
We swear to keep thee great and free,
Columbia, land of liberty!

149.—8, 8, 6. M.—*Music.*

1 To MUSIC be the verse addrest;
To music, soft'ner of the mind,
And what from woe relieves;
'Tis music like the Syren's charms,
With tend'rest love the bosom warms;
But not like them deceives.

2 'Tis this the human heart inspires,
With tender feelings, pure desires,
And pleases ev'ry ear;
'Twas practis'd in the courts of Jove,
And giv'n by nature's purest love
To man, to banish care.

3 Yet not to man alone belongs
This noblest, choicest gift of songs;
'Tis taught the feather'd choir;
The feather'd choir, in native skill,
Replete their notes with music fills;
Their music fills the air.

4 When smiling spring with fragrant gales,
Perfumes the woodlands, hills and dales;

When nature's charms adorn,
With livel'est colors, gentle May ;
'Tis then the sky-lark tunes her lay,
And ushers in the morn.

5 Though not a fragrant gale that blows,
Nor all the beauties May bestows,
With music can compare ;
Yet when together these combine,
They form around a scene sublime,
A scene sublimely fair.

6 'Tis this inspires to noble deeds :
Urged on by this, the hero bleeds,
Nor thinks his lot severe.
It calms our fears in war's alarms,
And adds to gentler peace new charms,
Music all hearts can cheer.

160.—*Liberty.*

1 We have broken the chain that once bound us,
We are free, we are free, we are free
As the wind on the mountains around us,
As the wave of the green rolling sea.
Let us, freemen, remember the glory
Of the vict'ry o'er error we' ve won;
Mighty reason, resplendent in story,
Then shall live as the life-giving sun. *R.*
Strike the cords and raise the chorus,
Strike for freedom, loudly swell ;
Raise the land from error's spell,
Ere the chain of the slave shall be o'er us,
Superstition and priestcraft, farewell.

2 O'er the land superstition is sweeping,
Far away, far away, far away;
While old witchcraft in silence is sleeping,
As she did ere the dawn of the day.

But our banners in splendor are flying,
Ev'ry star is the boast of the free;
And our brave ones will shout e'en when dying,
Oh our land! oh our land! unto thee! *R.*
Strike the cords, &c.

3 Shout aloud! fair America's glory,
(Loud huzza! loud huzza! loud huzza!)
Shall yet live all resplendent in story,
High enthron'd on fair liberty's car;
While the name of Columbus still ringing,
Shall be heard in the field we have won;
Mental freedom, while millions are singing,
Shall exist as the life-giving sun. *R.*
Strike the cords, &c.

161.—*The Charms of Nature.*

1 Wilt thou tempt the wave with me
When the moon is high and bright,
And the ocean seems to be
A pillow for her light?

2 I will tempt the wave with thee,
When the moon is high and bright,
And the ocean seems to be
A pillow for her light.

3 Stars shall shine above us cheerily,
As we glide along;
And the rippling waters echo merrily
To our evening song.

4 Now we'll sing the song and glee,
While we glide so merrily;
Nature now thy charms we see,
Sublime in majesty.

5 Stars now shine above us cheerily,
As we glide along;
And the rippling waters echo merrily
To our evening song.

162.—C. M.—*Death, what art thou?*

1 What art thou Death, that I should fear
The shadow of a shade ?
What 's in thy name that meets the ear,
Of which to be afraid ?

2 Thou art not care, thou art not pain,
But thou art rest and peace ;
'Tis thou canst make our terrors vain,
And bid our torments cease.

3 Thy hand can draw the rankling thorn
From out the wounded breast ;
Thy curtain screnes the wretch forlorn,
Thy pallet brings him rest.

4 Misfortune's stings, affection's throes,
Detraction's poisonous breath ;
The world itself, and all its woes,
Are swallowed up in Death.

5 Then let us pass our lives in peace,
The little time we stay ;
Nor let our acts of friendship cease,
Till life shall fade away.

163.—*8l.* C. M.—*Freedom's Star.*

1 When rolling orbs from nature sprung,
And earthly forms were dress'd ;
One sparkling star majestic hung,
Bright beaming from the west.
Admiring millions view the sight,
And hail it from afar ;
Enraptur'd bless its charming light,
They call it freedom's star.

2 Beneath its influ'nce deserts wild,
Are deck'd in virgin bloom,
It makes the wintry tempest mild,
Deep forests cease to gloom ;
And man erect, with eye of fire,
Th' oppressor's threat can dare,
May still to dignity aspire,
And bless his freedom's star.

3 It can a brighter mantling glow,
O'er blushing beauty shed
A smile of beauteous radiance throw,
A halo round her head ;
The warrior rouse through tented field,
To drive the rapid car ;
Whilst tyrants, pale and trembling, yield,
To freedom's blazing star.

4 Then sweep, ye bards, the sounding lyre,
In animating strain ;
Sages, consume, with pens of fire,
The fell oppressor's chain :
On to the field, ye brave and free,
Nor dread the storm of war ;
Your guide to victory shall be,
Dear freedom's blazing star.

164.—AIR—"*Scots wha hae,*"

ODE—*On the Progress of Reason*

2 WHERE oppression's iron hand,
Rose upon a blighted land,
Arms to weaken—hearts to brand,
Peace and joy shall reign !
On the pinions of the sun,
Reason's welcome tidings run—
Superstition's reign is done—
Man is free again !

2 As the storm rob'd icebergs frown,
Where the northern sun goes down,
So in icy robe and crown,
Sitteth Bigotry !
Like the owl, at morning blind,
Hater of the noble mind,
Tyrant, who would chain the wind,
Morning dawns on thee !

3 Hide thee with thy raven hair
From the flashing golden air,
Seek again thy smoky lair,
Where thy victims lie !
Church and steeple, crown and throne,
Shall no more on earth be known,
Millions who in dungeons groan
Shall find liberty !

4 Priests of ev'ry age and clime—
Licens'd panders—grey in crime—
All shall feel the scourge of time,
All shall fail their arts !
Welcome Reason ! sun divine !
Manifold thy glories shine—
We will worship thee and thine,
Till our breath departs !

165.—*Life is not vain.*

1 WHY should we say that life is vain,
Its joys delusive all ;
That sorrow, misery, and pain,
Turn all our sweets to gall ?

2 That hope is a delusive theme
To cheat the minds of men ;
That happiness is but a dream,
Beyond our mortal ken ?

3 We never, *never*, could believe,
(Though taught from earliest years ;
And though *Religion* sanction'd it,
Augmenting thus our fears !)

4 This world to be but one sad scene,
Of misery and care—
We've seen the home of innocence,
There was no sorrow there.

5 We've seen the hand of charity,
Extended to the poor ;
And the sweet tear of pity flow,
Because it was no more.

6 We've seen the mother's earnest gaze,
Fix'd on her lovely child ;
And O ! our hearts have bow'd before
That look, so pure and mild.

7 We 've seen, but why enumerate ?
There 's much from which to prove ;
This world to be a world of joy,
Of charity and love.

8 Let others fancy worlds above,
Where myst'ries are unfurl'd ;
Enough is here for us to love—
We need no other world !

166.—*ODE.*

1 Ye sons of Columbia, O hail the great day,
Which burst your tyrannical chains,
Which taught the oppress'd how to spurn lawless sway,
And establish'd equality's reign.
Yes, hail the bless'd moment when awfully grand
Your Congress pronounc'd the decree,
Which told the wide world that your pine cover'd land
In spite of coercion was free.

2 Those worthies who fell in the heart-cheering cause,
To the true sons of freedom are dear;
Their deeds the unborn shall rehearse with applause,
And bedew their cold tomb with a tear.
O cherish their names, let their daring exploits,
And their virtues be spread far and wide;
And if fierce ey'd ambition encroach on our rights,
Again shall her schemes be destroy'd.

3 Should men who have felt the oppressor's hard hand,
Who for freedom all perils did brave,
Be still while one foot of America's land
Is disgrac'd by the toil of a slave?
Awake then to justice, to righteousness too,
And pronounce this immortal decree:
That "man is but man, and whatever his hue,
He is man, and should therefore be free!"

167.—AIR—"*Adams and Liberty.*"

Extracted from a Patriotic Song, by THOMAS PAINE.

1 YE sons of Columbia who bravely have fought,
For those rights which unstain'd from your sires had descended;
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.
Mid the reign of mild peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

2 *'Tis the* fire of the flint each American warms,
Let the world's haughty victors beware of collision!
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,
We 're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While with patriot pride,
To good laws we 're alli'd,
No foe can subdue us—no faction divide,
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

3 Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like her liberties, ages have nourished;
But long ere our nation submit to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.

Should invasion impend,
Ev'ry grove would descend,
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend,
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

4 Let fame to the world sound America's voice.
No intrigue can her sons from their government sever;
Our pride is our country—her laws are our choice,
And shall flourish till liberty slumbers forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas's band,
And swear by the pow'rs of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons, &c.

168.—AIR—"*Marseilles Hymn.*"

1 YE sons of Freedom wake to glory,
Hark! hark what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries. *R.*
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hirling host, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
Th' avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On liberty or death.

2 O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee
Or whips thy noble spirit tame? *R.*
Too long the world has wept bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger tyrants yield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing,
To arms, to arms, &c.

169.—Air.—*Jessie of Dunblane.*

1 Yes! dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well!

2 That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure;
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seiz'd it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As pois'd on the curb, it inclin'd to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far remov'd, from the lov'd situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in his well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in his well.

END OF NUMBER FOUR.

[*For the Doxologies, see page* 101, *at the end of No. III.*]